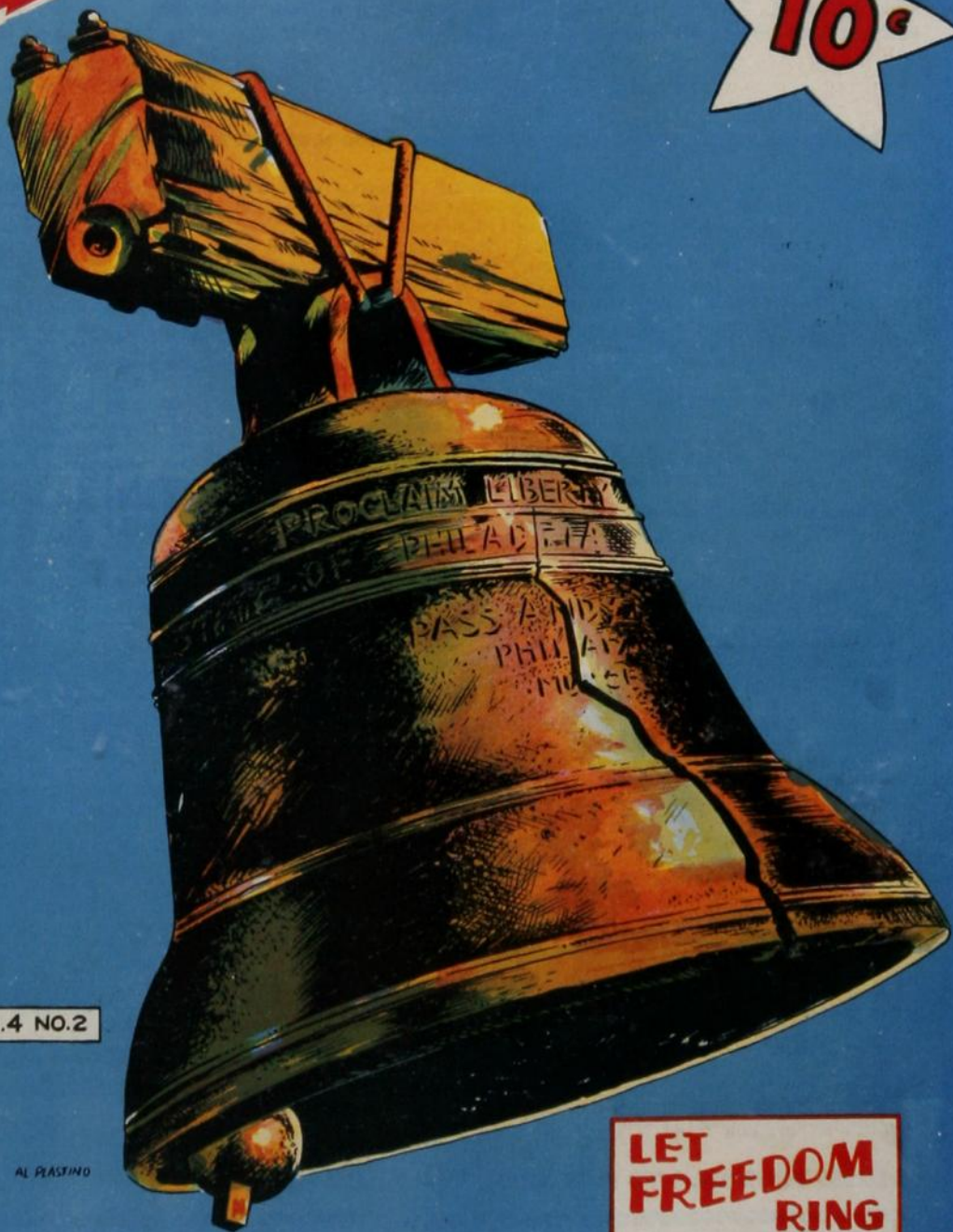


July and
August

★ FEATURING
★ DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL

BLUE BOLT

10¢



VOL. 4 NO. 2

AL PLASTINO

LET
FREEDOM
RING

BLUE
BOLT

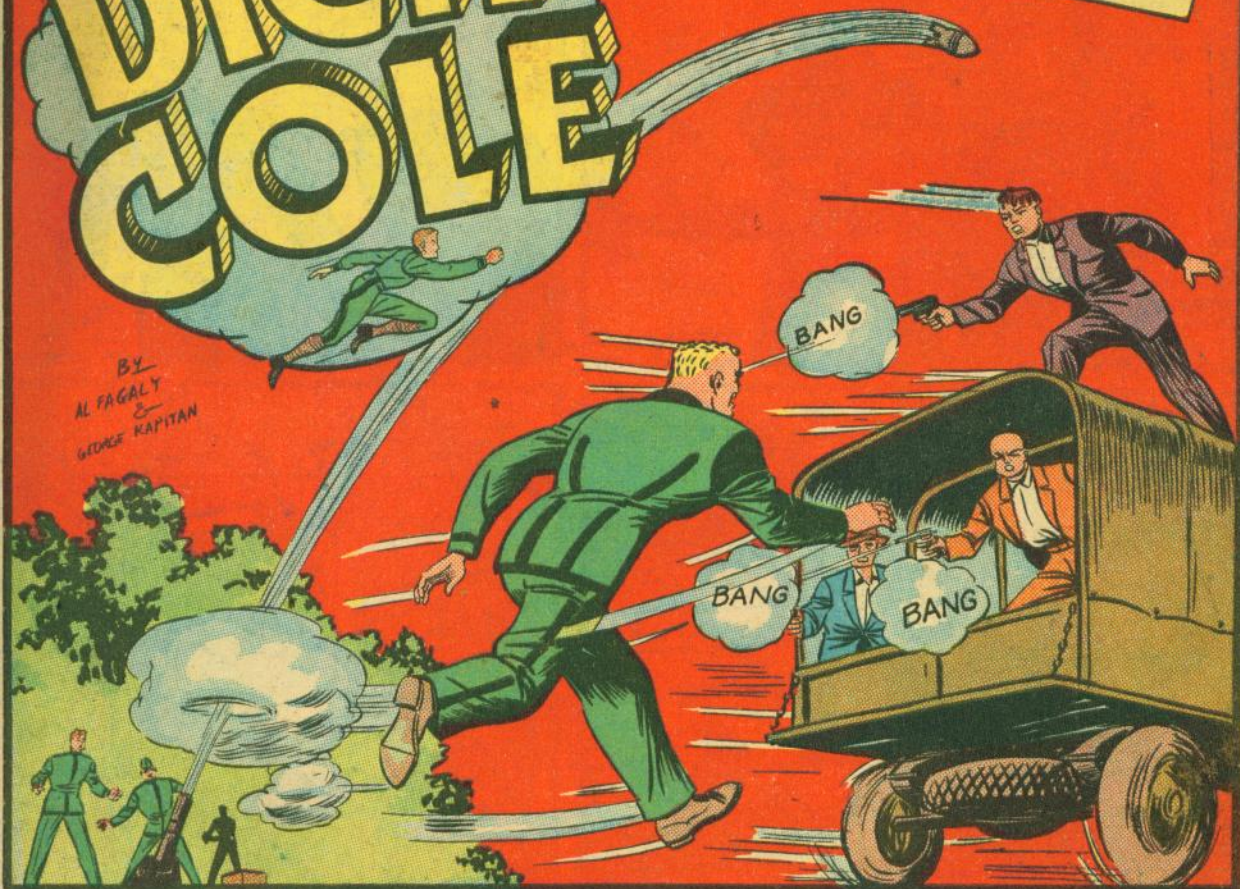


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DICK COLE

BY
AL FAGALY
&
GEORGE KAPITAN

THE FARR BOYS SET OUT TO
LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT
ARMY ORDNANCE - AND
END THE DAY VICTORIOUS
OVER THEIR OWN PARTICULAR
ENEMY!



DICK AND SIMBA WATCH A UNITED STATES ARMY TRUCK
BACK INTO FARR'S ARSENAL...

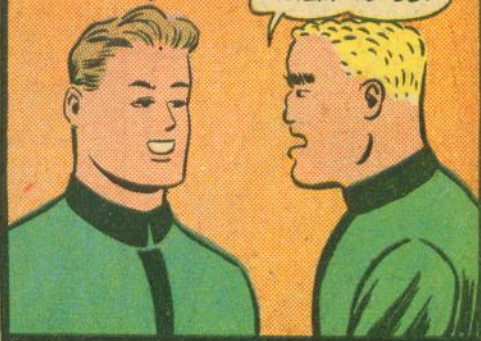
WHAT'S THE ARMY
DOING HERE? ARE
THEY TAKING OVER?

WHAT A MEMORY
YOU HAVE
SIMBA!



THEY'RE UNLOADING THE
TRENCH MORTARS WERE
GOING TO USE IN
TOMORROW'S MANEUVERS.

OH, THAT'S
RIGHT -
UNCLE
SAM'S
LENDING
THEM TO US.



THOSE ARE THREE INCH MORTARS! I'LL BET THEY KICK LIKE MULES!

HERE'S HOPING THEY AREN'T AS STUBBORN.

SEE YOU LATER, SIMBA! MAJOR FARR WANTS TO GIVE ME SOME LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS FOR TOMORROW.

YOU'RE GOING TO COMMAND THE MORTAR DETAIL, EH?

MEANWHILE, IN THE TOWN OF WARING, SIX MILES FROM DAUNTON...

HOPE THIS GOES ACCORDING TO BALDY'S SCHEDULE.

HARDWARE

CLOTHING

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BANK

BANK

OH-OH! THERE'S A FLAT-FOOT!

A SUDDEN VOLLEY OF GUN SHOTS ANNOUNCES ROBBERY AND DEATH!

INTO THE CAR, SNAKES! HURRY!

YEAH... SOON'S I PLUG DAT COPPER!

BANK

AGHRRR!

HIT THE DUST, BRASS BUTTONS!

BEAT IT, RED! I KNOW AN OLD SHACK WE CAN HIDE OUT IN TILL THIS BLOWS OVER... WE GOTTA DITCH THE CAR FIRST!

OH-H-OHH!

BANG

BANG!

THE NEXT DAY, DICK AND HIS GUN CREW ARRIVE ON THE FIELD!

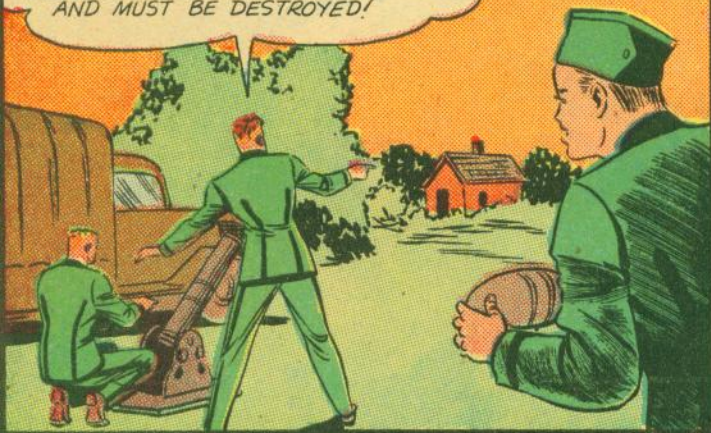
ALL RIGHT, YOU FELLOWS! PILE OUT AND SET UP THE MORTARS! WE'LL HAVE ONE BATTERY COMPOSED OF THREE UNITS— A, B, AND C GUNS

WHAT'S OUR OBJECTIVE, DICK?

U.S. ARMY

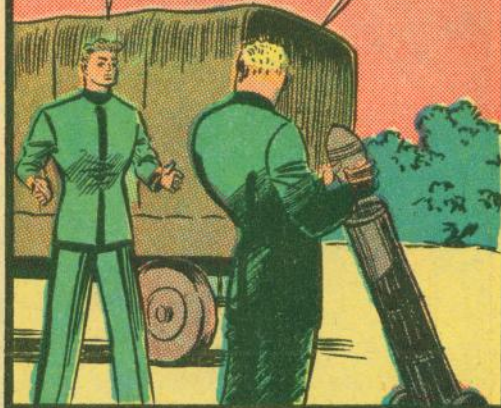
THE MORTARS ARE PLACED IN POSITION.

THAT DESERTED SHACK IS OUR FIRST TARGET. THEORETICALLY, IT HOLDS AN ENEMY MACHINE GUN NEST AND MUST BE DESTROYED!

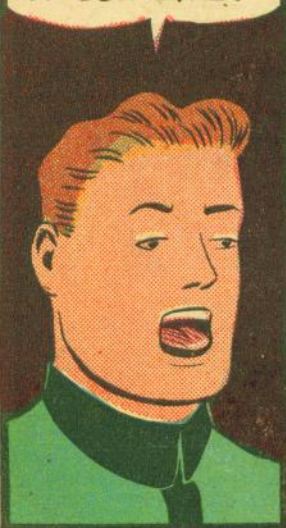


SIMBA, YOUR "A" GUN WILL FIRE A SMOKE SHELL TO GET THE AIM...

"A" MORTAR READY TO FIRE SMOKE SHELL, COMMANDER COLE!

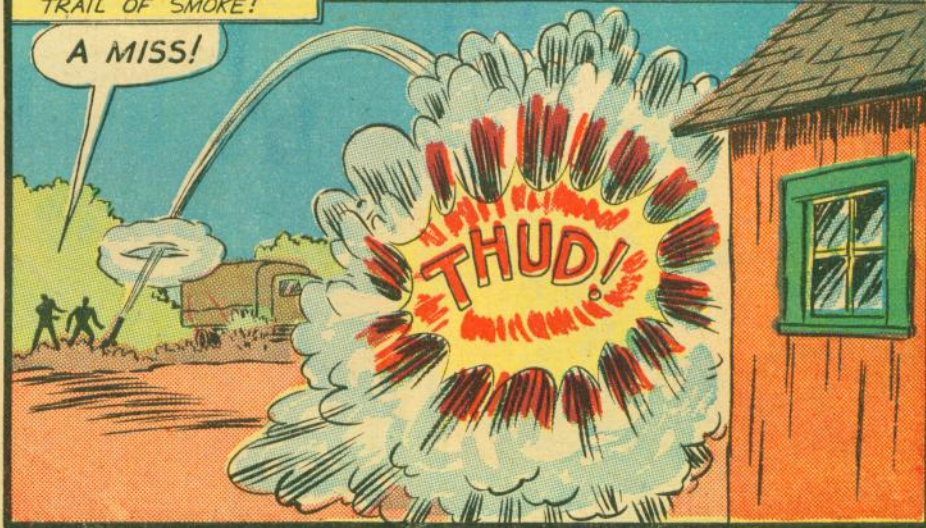


"A" GUN FIRE!



THE PROJECTILE HISSES OUT OF THE TUBE, LEAVING A JET BLACK TRAIL OF SMOKE!

A MISS!



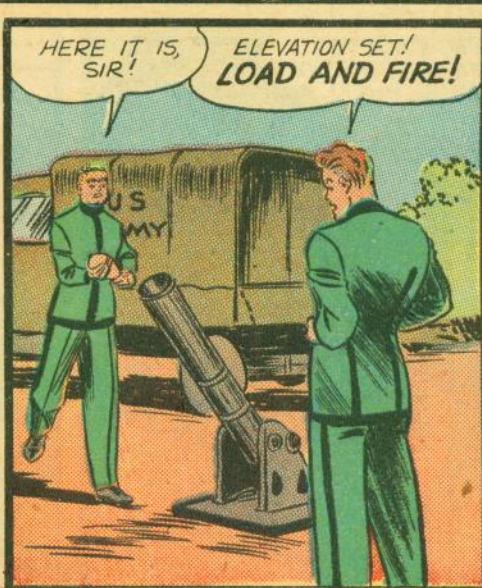
TOO MUCH ELEVATION, SIMBA— ADJUST THAT AND BRING A LIVE SHELL UP.

RIGHTO, SIR!



HERE IT IS, SIR!

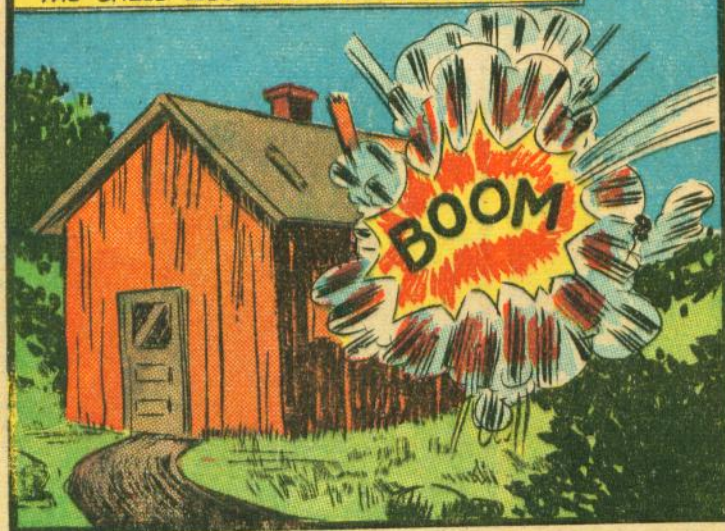
ELEVATION SET! LOAD AND FIRE!



HERE SHE GOES!

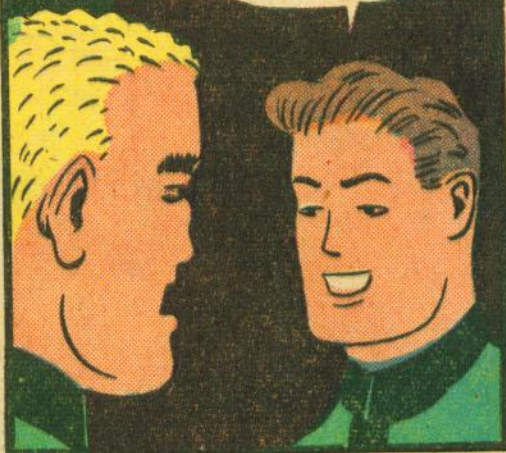


THE SHELL LOBS INTO THE SHACK AND...



DIRECT HIT.
DICK!

GREAT! I THINK
YOU'LL MAKE A
GOOD ARTILLERYMAN,
SIMBA.

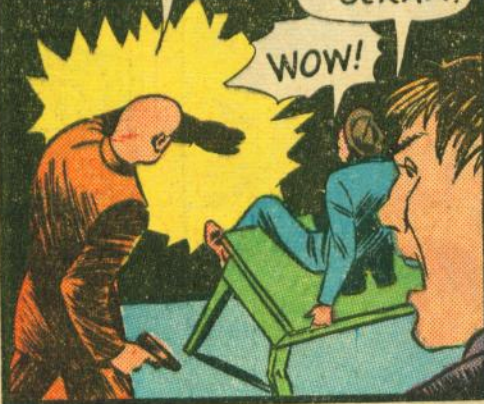


WITHIN THE BLASTED SHACK, THREE
EVIL MEN ARE BADLY SURPRISED...

FOR THE LUVVA—!
WHAT WAS THAT?

THE
COPS!
LET'S
SCRAM!

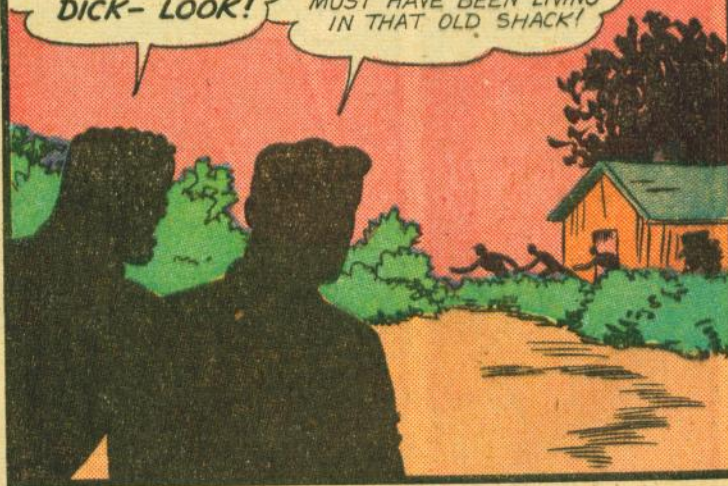
WOW!



AS THE CROOKS BOLT FOR THE WOODS...

HOLY SMOKES!
DICK— LOOK!

WHA—? THOSE TRAMPS
MUST HAVE BEEN LIVING
IN THAT OLD SHACK!



COME ON, CADETS!
WE HAVE TO SEE IF ANY-
ONE WAS HURT!



AT THE SHACK...

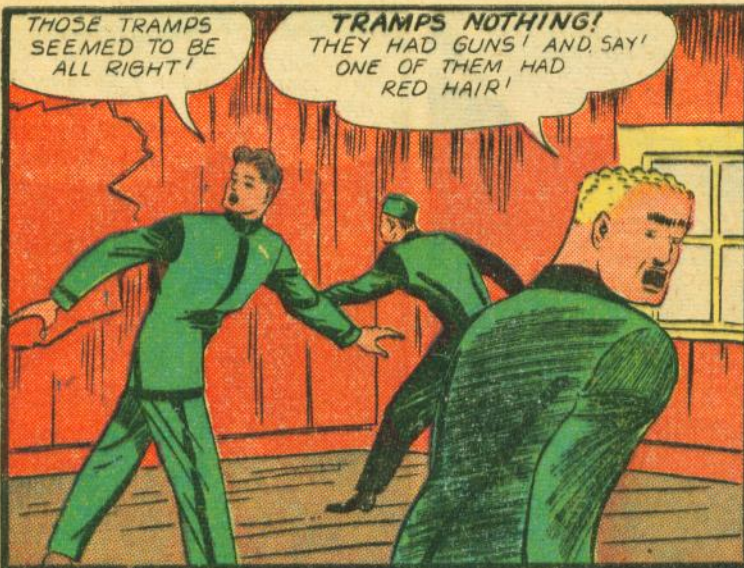
NO ONE ELSE
HERE!

WE'D BETTER
SCOUT AROUND
INSIDE!



THOSE TRAMPS
SEEMED TO BE
ALL RIGHT!

TRAMPS NOTHING!
THEY HAD GUNS! AND, SAY!
ONE OF THEM HAD
RED HAIR!



RED HAIR? GOSH!
ONE OF THE WARING
BANK ROBBERS HAD
RED HAIR!

I'LL BET
MY PUP
TENT THEY'RE
THE CROOKS!
BUT THEY'RE MILES
AWAY BY NOW!



MEANWHILE...

BLAST THOSE KIDS!
THEY'VE JUST GONE
INTO THE SHACK!

AND THE DOUGH'S STILL
THERE!



WE SHOULD'VE
GRABBED IT
BEFORE WE
RAN OUT

YEAH WELL,
WHY DON'T WE
RUSH THE
KIDS?



NO-WAIT! IF THE KIDS
WERE TO GET HURT
WORKIN' THE MORTARS-!
STICK AROUND AND
COVER ME!

WOTCHA
GONNA
DO?

CAUTIOUSLY, BALDY MAKES
FOR THE NEAREST MORTAR

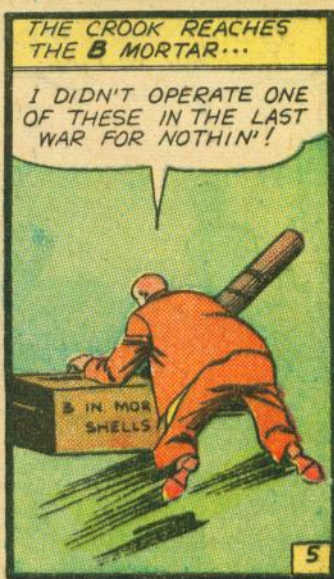
SHEDDUP-
AN' WATCH!

OKAY-
WE'VE GOT
YA
COVERED.



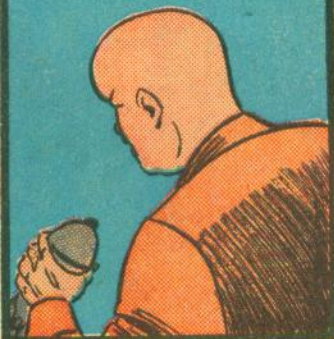
THE CROOK REACHES
THE B MORTAR...

I DIDN'T OPERATE ONE
OF THESE IN THE LAST
WAR FOR NOTHIN'!

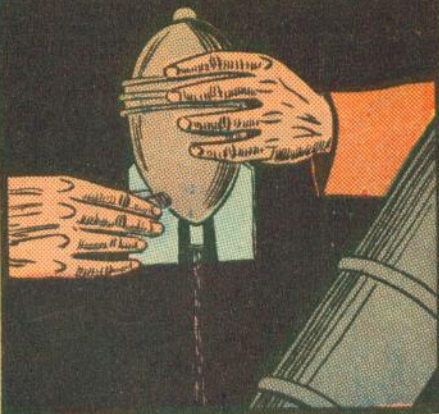


BALDY PICKS OUT A
MORTAR SHELL ...

THESE BABIES HAVE A
PROPELLING CHARGE ON
THE BOTTOM NOW- WE
UNSCREW THIS CAP ?



... AFTER WE POUR OUT MOST OF
THE CHARGE, WE PUT THE CAP
BACK AND NOW- LET'S SEE
WHAT RESULTS WE GET!



HEY, BALDY! HURRY
UP! THOSE KIDS
ARE COMING
BACK!

OKAY
BY ME!
I GOT
THOSE SHELLS
ALL FIXED!



MEANTIME, SIMBA AND HIS MEN RETURN...

CADET SERGEANT BENSON, REPORT THIS
INCIDENT TO THE MAJOR! WE'RE GOING
TO CARRY ON INSTRUCTION ON THE
"B" GUN

YES, SIR!

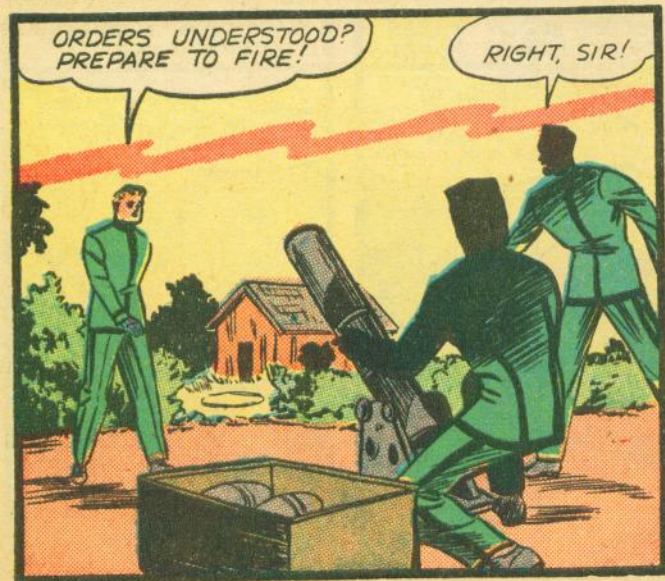


YOUR TARGET IS THIS CIRCLE
BUT DON'T FIRE ON THE SHACK
THERE MAY BE CLUES IN THERE



ORDERS UNDERSTOOD?
PREPARE TO FIRE!

RIGHT, SIR!



READY ON THE LEFT!
READY ON THE RIGHT!
READY ON THE FIRING
LINE! FIRE!

FIRE!



THE SHELL IS DROPPED. THEN...

OMIGOSH! THE CHARGE DIDN'T EXPLODE!

IT'S LANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF US!

DUCK, FELLOWS!

... AND ...

YEOW!

EIEE-E-E

BOOM!

GOOD GRIEF DICK- THEY'RE OUT COLD!

NO WOUNDS SHOWING... THEY WERE KNOCKED OUT BY THE CONCUSSION! DETAIL AN EMERGENCY SQUAD TO RUN THEM TO THE HOSPITAL!

WHILE THE UNCONSCIOUS BOYS ARE BEING SPED BACK TO THE CAMPUS...

SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THESE SHELLS. LISTEN!

YEAH. SOUNDS LIKE LOOSE POWDER TO ME!

YES- OR- NONE AT ALL IN THE PROPULSION TUBE!

DICK UNSCREWS THE CHAMBER AND INVESTIGATES.

SOME ONE HAS SABOTAGED THESE SHELLS. LOOK!

WOW! THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH POWDER LEFT TO LOB IT ABOUT TWENTY FEET!... BUT HOW?

WHILE, IN THE THICKET...

THEY'RE NOT GETTIN' AWAY... I'M GONNA PLUG THAT BIG GUY!

WAIT! WE DON'T WANT THAT WHOLE GANG OF KIDS DOWN ON US!

THE SUN GLINTS OFF RED'S GUN AND ATTRACTS DICK'S ATTENTION.

SIMBA! I SAW THE FLASH OF LIGHT FROM A GUN BARREL IN THE THICKET—NO—DON'T TURN AROUND!

HEY! I DON'T WANT A SLUG IN MY BACK!

IT'S THOSE CROOKS! MAKE BELIEVE WE DON'T KNOW. THEY'RE THERE... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WE COULD USE A GOOD BRAIN STORM RIGHT NOW!

NONCHALANTLY, DICK CALLS THE CADETS TOGETHER AND OUTLINES A PLAN.

WE'LL BLAST THEM OUT OF THE WOODS WITH THE MORTARS! EXAMINE ALL THE SHELLS CAREFULLY, THOUGH. WE DON'T WANT ANOTHER ACCIDENT!

BOY! THEY'LL RUN RIGHT INTO OUR ARMS!

HURRIEDLY, THE BOYS DIRECT THE MORTARS TOWARD THE WOODS.

COMMENCE RAPID FIRE WHEN READY!

HERE GOES, COLE!

WE'RE READY, SIR!

OKAY!

TRIPLE STREAKS OF DESTRUCTION ARCH OUT OF THE MORTARS...

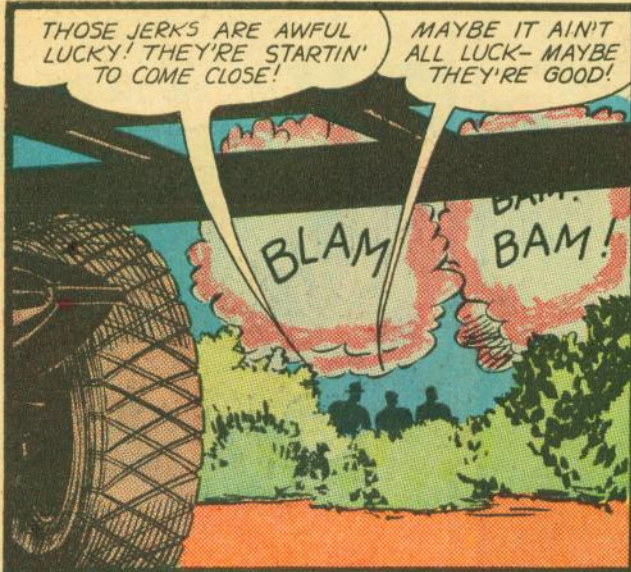
THE SHELLS EXPLODE DIRECTLY BEHIND THE GANGSTERS...

WHAT ARE THOSE KIDS UP TO NOW?

I DON'T KNOW. HEY! THOSE THINGS ARE AIMED AT US!

GET DOWN! THEY'RE BOMBING US!

DUCK!



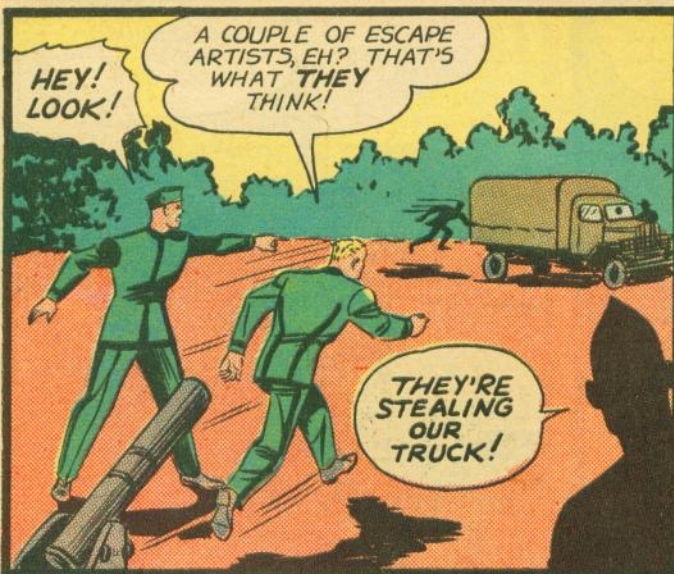
THOSE JERKS ARE AWFUL LUCKY! THEY'RE STARTIN' TO COME CLOSE!

MAYBE IT AIN'T ALL LUCK— MAYBE THEY'RE GOOD!



I THINK YOU GOT SOMETHIN' THERE! LET'S HOP THAT TRUCK!

DON'T LET ME HOLD YOU BACK!



HEY! LOOK!

A COUPLE OF ESCAPE ARTISTS, EH? THAT'S WHAT **THEY** THINK!

THEY'RE STEALING OUR TRUCK!



GIDDAP, BABY! I'M RIGHT WITH YOU!

STEP ON IT, RED!



MY GOSH! THAT TRUCK FULL OF MORTARS IS WORSE THAN T.N.T., AND SIMBA'S ON IT!



SWING THAT MORTAR INTO FIRING POSITION! ELEVATION: 52 DEGREES! RANGE: 1000 FEET!

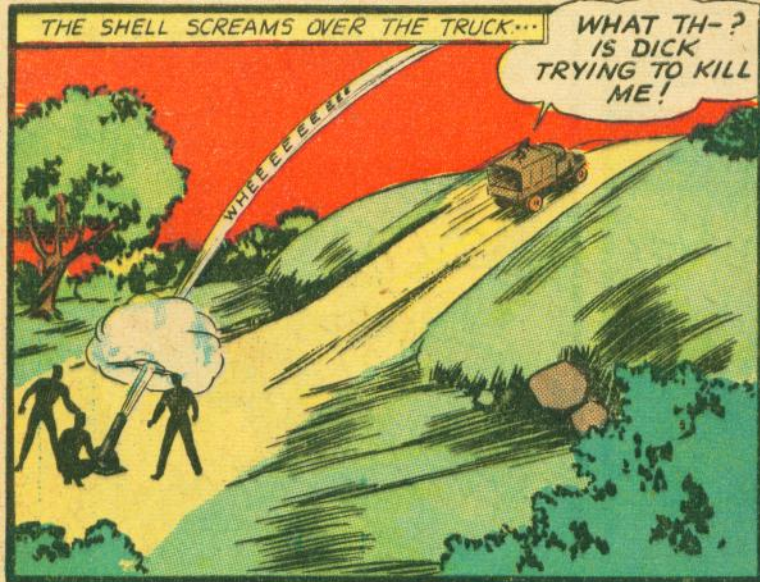


IF WE CONNECT, WE HIT THE TREES IN **FRONT** OF THE TRUCK. THAT'LL STOP IT AND SAVE SIMBA!

I HOPE!

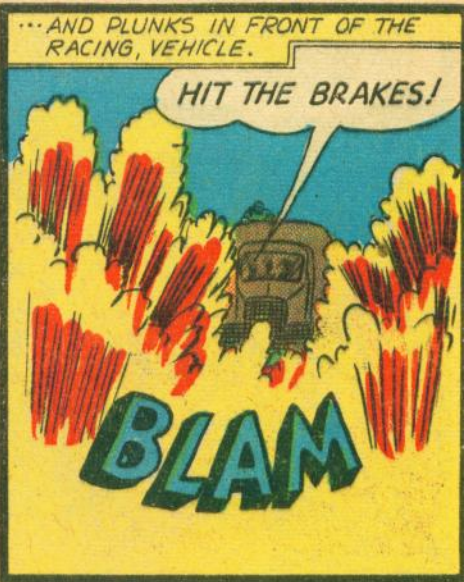
THE SHELL SCREAMS OVER THE TRUCK...

WHAT TH-?
IS DICK
TRYING TO KILL
ME!



...AND PLUNKS IN FRONT OF THE
RACING, VEHICLE.

HIT THE BRAKES!



WOW!
CLOSE!

LET'S GET OUT OF
THIS CRATE AND
TRY THE WOODS
AGAIN!



I'D LIKE TO
MURDER THOSE
INFERNAL
KIDS!

WE SHOULD
DONE IT!
COME ON!



BUT, LIKE A STREAK, SIMBA HURTTLES
DOWN ON THEM FROM ABOVE!

YOU GUYS AREN'T
GOING ANY PLACE!

ULP!



AND YOU AREN'T
GOING TO DO ANY
MORE MURDERING,
EITHER!

OWOOF!

BAM



BUT...

COME ON! HE'S OUT
OF OUR WAY NOW!



UNCONSCIOUS, SIMBA IS LOADED INTO THE TRUCK'S CAB...

THROW HER INTO REVERSE RED, AN' LET HER ROLL DOWN ON THOSE OTHER BRATS!

HAH! I GETCHA!

THERE SHE GOES!

GREAT! NOW, WHEN THIS HITS BOTTOM, IT'LL CAUSE ENOUGH EXCITEMENT SO WE'LL HAVE TIME TO GET BACK TO THE SHACK AND PICK UP THE CASH!

DICK AND HIS COMPANY ARE STARTLED TO SEE THE TRUCK RACING DOWN THE HILL AT THEM!

GOOD NIGHT!-
GET BACK!

THE BOYS LEAP TO SAFETY AS DICK PACES THE TRUCK.

SAY! SIMBA'S
IN THERE!

A DARING LEAP, AND THE INTREPID LAD IS ON THE RUNNING BOARD!

MADE IT!

GOOD THING THESE
VANS HAVE AIR BRAKES!

SCREECH

SCREEECH

SIMBA IS TAKEN FROM THE TRUCK AND RETURNS TO CONSCIOUSNESS AS THE POLICE COME UPON THE SCENE.

UGH!
SOME
CLOUT!

HERE COME
THE
POLICE!

SWELL!

WHERE ARE THE CROOKS?

HUH? I'LL BET THEY'RE BACK AT THE SHACK!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SIMBA! THEY WANTED US AWAY FROM THERE FOR SOME REASON.

WAIT! THEY'RE ARMED!

SO ARE WE!

SAME HERE! A COUPLE OF FISTS ARE READY TO EXPLODE AGAINST SOME ONE'S CHIN.

BARGING IN, DICK AND SIMBA FIND THE THIEVES COLLECTING THEIR ILL-GOTTEN LOOT.

YOU TAKE THE RED-HEAD, SIMBA. I'VE GOT A PERSONAL ARGUMENT WITH HAIRLESS!

WITH PLEASURE, MR. COLE!

SIMBA'S EXPLOSIVE FIST DOES DOUBLE DUTY.

GET TOGETHER!

OWW!

POW!

AND THIS PARLAYS SIMBA'S ORDER!

POP!

YEOW!

THE POLICE COME IN!

WELL, CALL ME "IRISH"! LOOKIT WHAT THOSE TWO KIDS DID!

NICE WORK, DICK!

THE SENTIMENT IS MUTUAL, SIMBA!

THE NEXT DAY, IN WARING CITY...

YOU BOYS OF FARR ARE A CREDIT TO THE COUNTY!

THANK YOU, SIR! I'LL BET THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME CROOKS WERE EVER CAPTURED WITH MORTAR SHELLS!

... WELL- NOT QUITE! YOU SEE, AMERICAN BOYS ARE POUNDING UP THOSE THIEVES OF LIBERTY EVERY DAY, IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

SO, DO YOUR SHARE! BUY THOSE MORTAR SHELLS BY INVESTING IN WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Sergeant Spook



OUR STORY OPENS AS A STRAY DOG BEGS FOR SOME FOOD FROM THE WRONG CITIZEN



HE BELONGS TO ME. PEDDLE YOUR PAPERS BRAT!



ARE YOU HIS DOG? ARE YOU- HM?





?

HUH? THAT KID'S NUTS!



HEH!... YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT I ACTUALLY HEARD YOU TALK! HEH!



YOU DID! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT?... BESIDES, I LIKE YOU. WHY DON'T YOU CALL ME "WINDY"? THAT'S MY NAME.



THE WHOLE THING IS TOO MUCH FOR JERRY!

OOH!... I MUST BE SICK... GOTTA GET HOME TO BED!

?



AFTER A FEW HOURS OF RESTLESS TOSSEING AND TURNING...

SA-AY! WHAT'S EATING YOU, KIDDO?

OHHH!



GOSH! AM I GLAD YOU'VE COME! SPOOK, I MUST BE GOING CRAZY! I'VE BEEN HEARING THINGS!

WHAT KIND OF THINGS, JERRY?

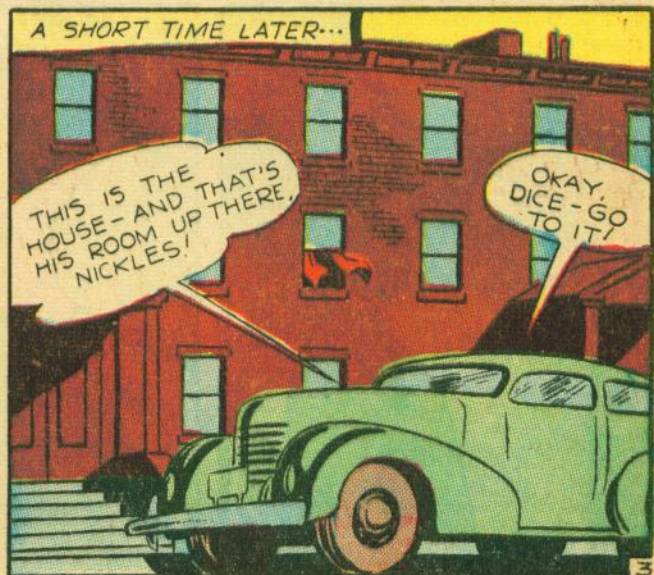


JERRY EXPLAINS...

IS THAT ALL? WHY, THERE'S NOTHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT!

THERE ISN'T?

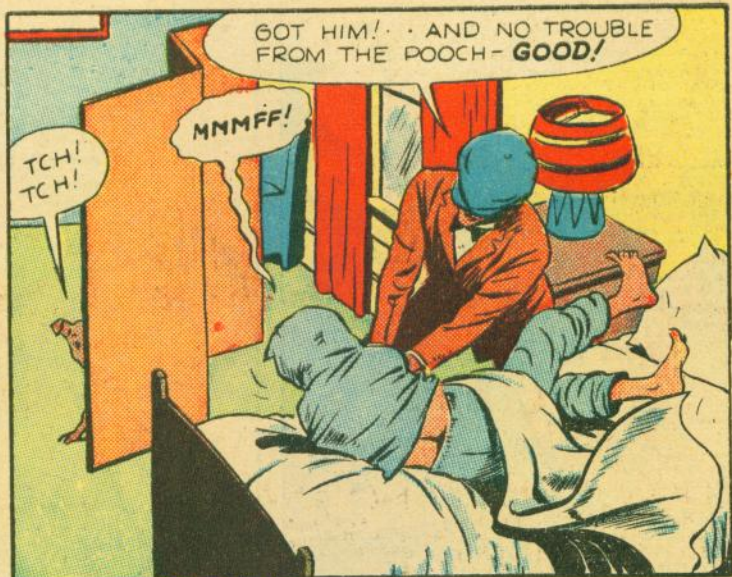
?





IF HE STILL HAS THAT
BLASTED MUTT IT MAY
BARK- BUT IF IT DOES,
I'LL **MURDER** IT!

OH-
OH!



GOT HIM! . . AND NO TROUBLE
FROM THE POOCH - **GOOD!**

MNMFF!

TCH!
TCH!



GOT HIM, NICKLES!
LET'S SCRAM!

OKAY...
GET IN!

S-S-S
SPOOK!

JERRY'S FEEBLE CRY
HAS A STRANGE EFFECT
ON SPOOK - FAR AWAY
IN GHOST TOWN

THAT'S
STRANGE! I COULD
HAVE SWORN I HEARD
...HEY! THAT KID'S
IN TROUBLE!



ONE SECOND LATER...

I THOUGHT SO!
HE'S GONE!

YEAH-
AN' I SAW
THE GUY
WHO KIDNAPPED
HIM!



WHA-? OH, IT'S **YOU!**
WELL, WHY DIDN'T
YOU STOP THEM-
BARK, OR
SOMETHING?

I
THOUGHT
OF THAT,
BUT...



BUT **WHAT?**

WELL-I
FIGURED IT
WOULD BE SMARTER
TO WAIT TILL YOU
CAME AND LEAD
YOU TO THEIR
HIDEOUT



WOW! HA-HA!
ARE YOU SURE YOU
HAVEN'T GOT SOME
FOX IN
YOU, WINDY?

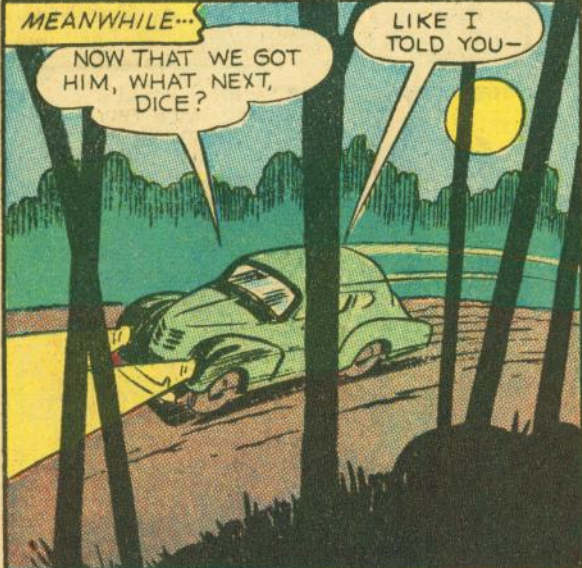
MEANWHILE...

NOW THAT WE GOT HIM, WHAT NEXT, DICE?

LIKE I TOLD YOU—

—WE'LL TAKE HIM OUT TO THE TRACK AND MAKE HIM TALK WITH THE HORSES! HE CAN TELL US WHICH NAG IS GOING TO **WIN**—SEE?

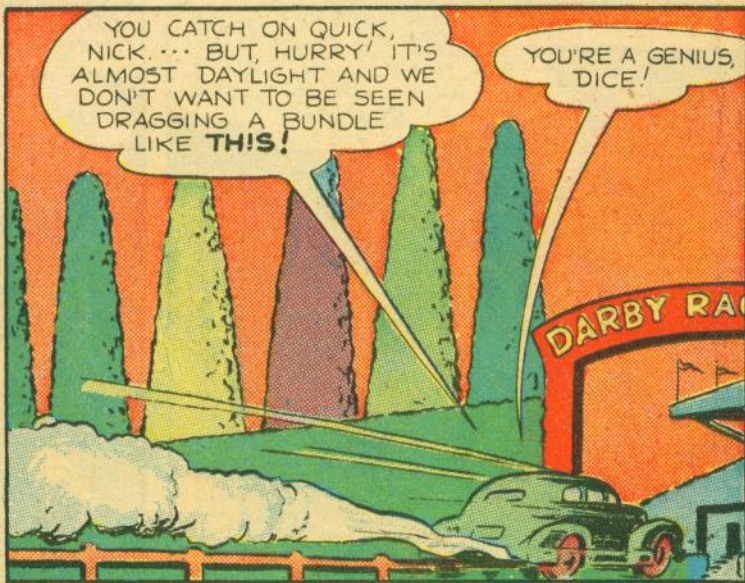
YOU'RE ONE SMART APPLE, DICE!



...YOU MEAN WE CAN GET THE INSIDE DOPE? HA-HA! THAT'S A HOT ONE! ... AND BET ALL OUR DOUGH ON THE HORSE HE SAYS IS GOING TO WIN!

YOU CATCH ON QUICK, NICK. ... BUT, HURRY! IT'S ALMOST DAYLIGHT AND WE DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN DRAGGING A BUNDLE LIKE **THIS!**

YOU'RE A GENIUS, DICE!



LET'S SEE WHAT SPOOK AND WINDY ARE UP TO

I'D SWEAR SOME ONE OR SOMETHING WAS LEADING THAT DOG!

AH-HAH! I'LL TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT WHEN WE GET HOME!

SNIFF, SNIFF! HMM...



... AND A FEW HOURS LATER...

WELL, WHAT'RE YOU STOPPING FOR, NOW?

AW, LAY OFF! IT ISN'T... AH-HH-CHOO! ... (SNIFF)... EASY TO FOLLOW A SMELL ON A DUSTY ROAD, YOU KNOW!



YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, KID. NOW GET GOING. IF YOU WANT TO STAY **HEALTHY!**

OKAY!

I'D BETTER STRING ALONG NO SENSE IN GETTING SHOT NOW! I'LL THINK OF **SOMETHING!**

JERRY FEELS FOOLISH AS HE ATTEMPTS HIS FIRST CONVERSATION WITH THE HORSEY SET!

?

ER... HELLO! AH... NICE DAY FOR A RACE, ISN'T IT?



AN HOUR LATER

IT'S NO USE! THESE HORSES CAN'T TALK ANY MORE THAN I CAN PULL A MILK WAGON I'M **SUNK!**



TZKRIEG

DECIDING TO GIVE IT UP AS A BAD JOB, JERRY STARTS AWAY, WHEN HE HEARS...

WE'RE NOT THROUGH YET, DAD. "SOUTHERN BELLE" HAS A **GOOD** CHANCE TO WIN.

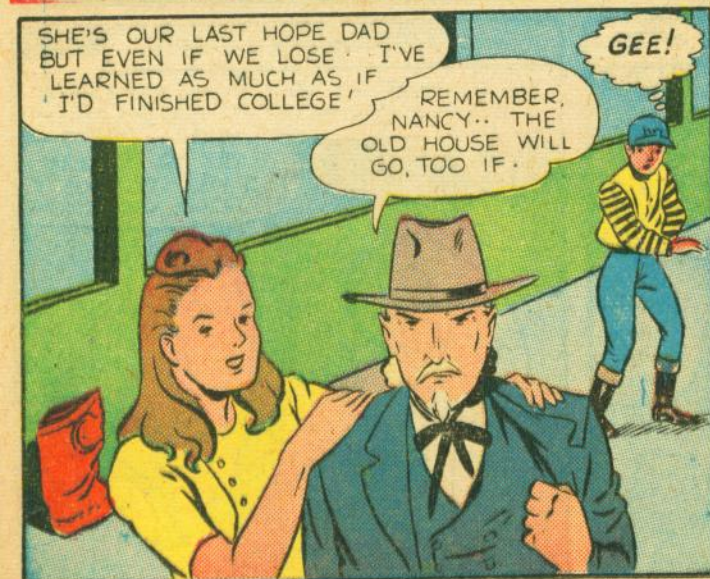
SHE SURE HAS... IF WE COULD BE SURE BRADY WOULDN'T TRY SOMETHING **CROOKED!**



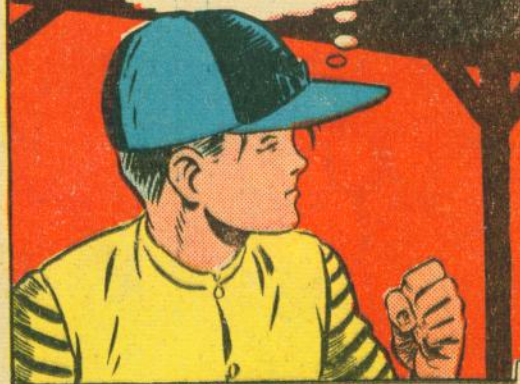
SHE'S OUR LAST HOPE DAD. BUT EVEN IF WE LOSE... I'VE LEARNED AS MUCH AS IF I'D FINISHED COLLEGE!

REMEMBER, NANCY... THE OLD HOUSE WILL GO, TOO IF...

GEE!



THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA. I WON'T LET THEM **KNOW** THE HORSES CAN'T TALK LIKE WINDY DOES! I'LL PRETEND THEY CAN... AND PERHAPS DO THOSE FOLKS A **GOOD TURN!**



SPOOK AND WINDY SNIFF ONWARD!

HEY, LOOK AT THAT!

GREAT! I'M SICK O' SNIFFIN' DIRT. LET'S TAKE IT ON THE RUN!

DARBY RACE TRACK 10 MILES

MADISON PARK

NO. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE A MISTAKE NOW. THEY MAY HAVE TURNED OFF BEFORE THEY GOT TO THE TRACK. WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP ON—SLOW, BUT SURE

AT THE TRACK—A MINUTE BEFORE THE BIG RACE OF THE DAY...

OKAY—SO YOU SAY "BLITZKRIEG" KNOWS HE'S GOING TO WIN. HE'D BETTER—FOR YOUR SAKE!

YEAH—I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

THEN...

THEY'RE OFF!

AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACK...

JUST IN TIME FOR THE RACE, WINDY!

SO WHAT? IF THEY'RE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO RUN THEIR HEADS OFF, I'M NOT CRAZY ENOUGH TO WATCH THEM!

BLITZKRIEG FALLING BEHIND!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

OH, DAD! EVERYTHING'LL BE ALL RIGHT, NOW! WE CAN KEEP THE HOUSE AND I CAN FINISH SCHOOL!

TH' WINNER! SOUTHERN BELLE!

OKAY, YOU PINT-SIZED DOUBLE-CROSSER! GET GOIN'!

YOU AND YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS! TALKING HORSES—BAH! YOU SHOULD BE BUMPED OFF WITH THE KID!

SPOOK AND WINDY CONTINUE THEIR SEARCH UNTIL



QUICKLY JERRY! DROP TO YOUR KNEES! I'LL PUSH THEM-



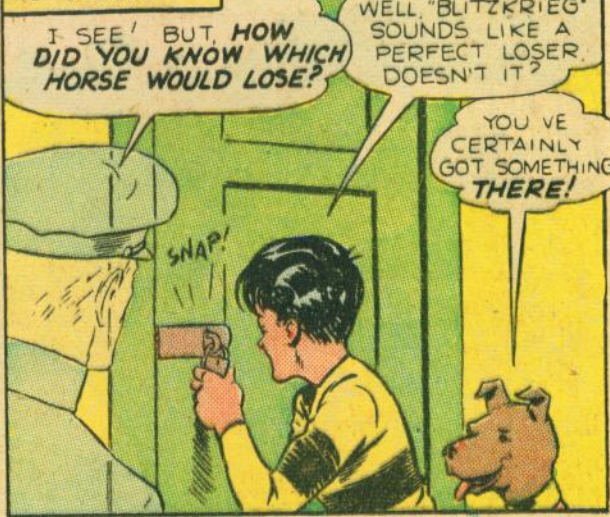
READY, JERRY?



I FEEL LIKE AN INVISIBLE BOWLING BALL! HA-HA!



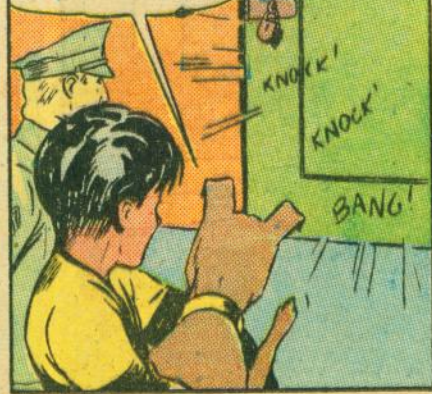
JERRY QUICKLY LOCKS THEM IN AND EXPLAINS TO SPOOK



AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY YES, SIR! I GUESS WINDY'S JUST ABOUT THE ONLY TALKING ANIMAL IN THE WORLD!



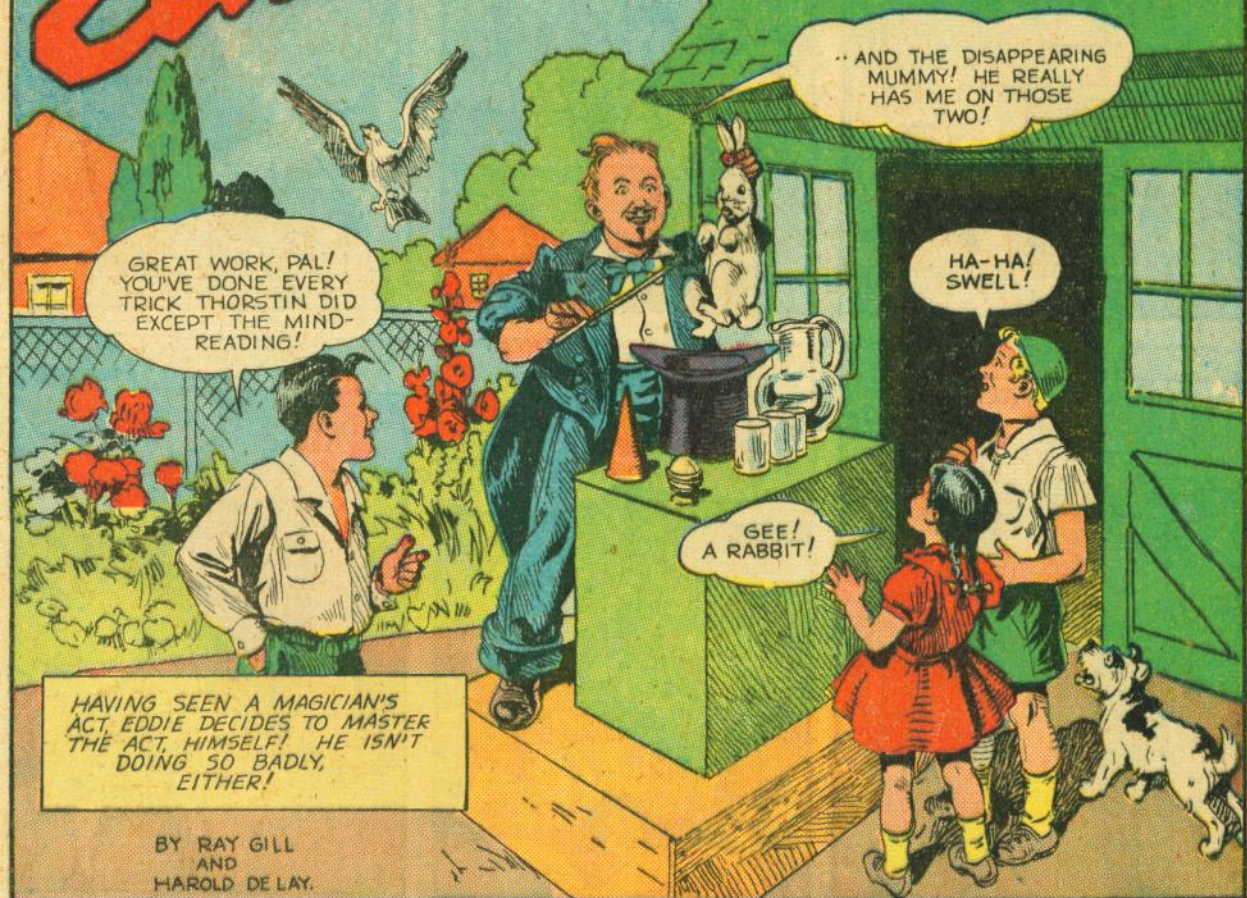
WELL, THAT'S RATHER A LONG STORY HOW ABOUT HOLDING IT TILL THE NEXT ISSUE? BESIDES- YOU'D BETTER GET THE COPS BEFORE THOSE MUGS BREAK OUT!

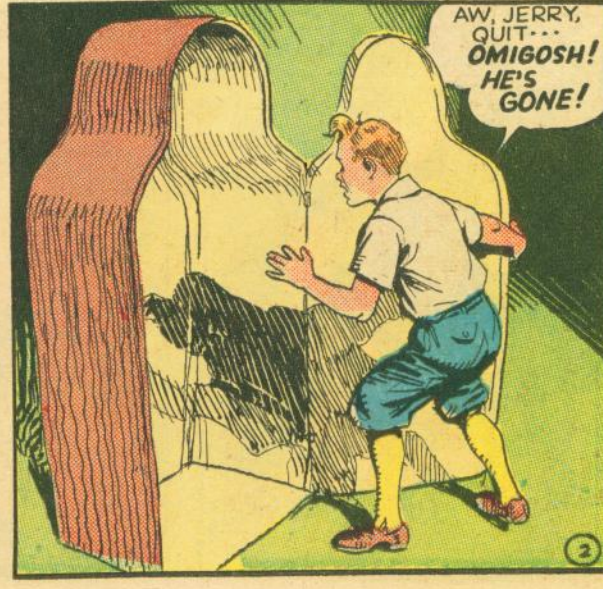
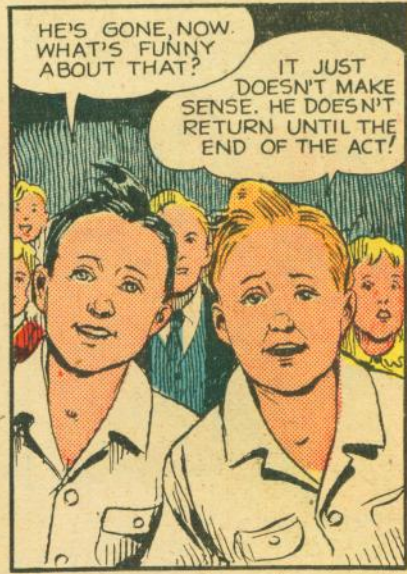


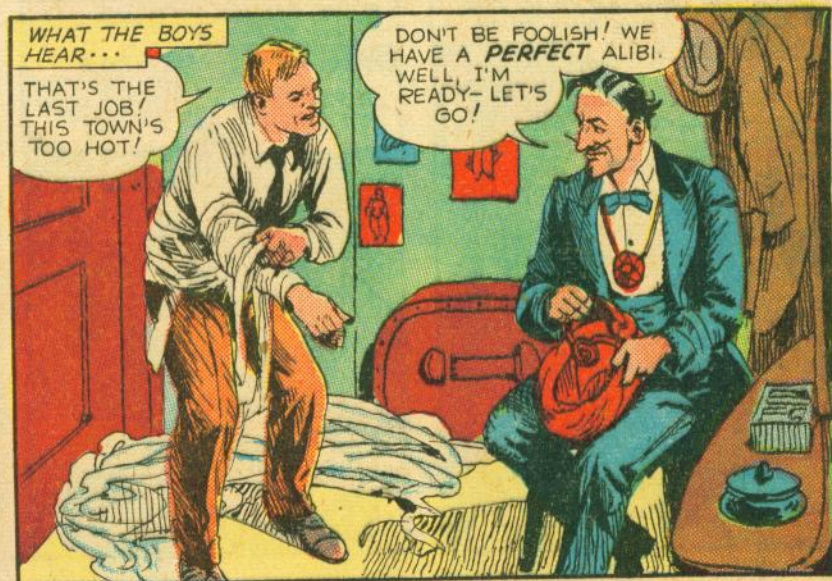
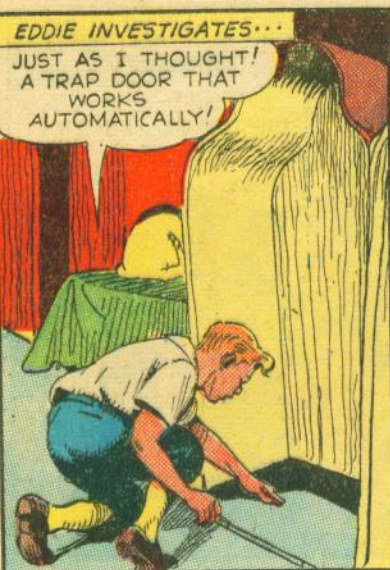
SERGEANT SPOOK AND HIS LITTLE PAL JERRY, HAVE ANOTHER GRAND AND HUMOROUS EXPERIENCE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT**

REMEMBER- YOUR SHARE IN OUR WAR EFFORT ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT MEANS A LOT! BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Edison BELL



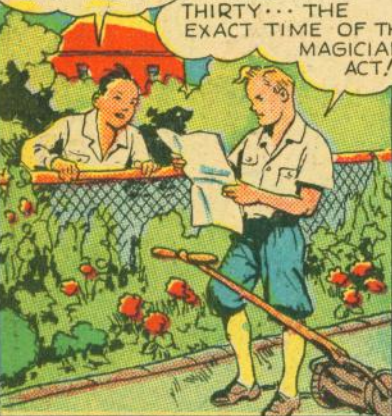




EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, JERRY MEETS EDDIE AND ASKS...

DID YOU READ ABOUT THE JEWEL ROBBERY LAST NIGHT?

LET'S SEE-- IT HAPPENED BETWEEN NINE AND NINE-THIRTY... THE EXACT TIME OF THE MAGICIAN'S ACT!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? IF IT HAPPENED WHILE HE WAS ON THE STAGE, WOULDN'T THAT SHOW...

NO! AND WE'RE GOING TO SEE THAT SHOW AGAIN. THIS TIME, MR. MURPHY, THE DETECTIVE, WILL BE WITH US!



SO, THE BOYS ARE IN THE AUDIENCE AGAIN THAT EVENING.

IT'S ALMOST TIME, NOW.

THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, EDDIE. WE'RE PRETTY BUSY.

THIS IS MORE THAN A HUNCH, MR. MURPHY. YOU'LL SEE!



WHEN THE MAGICIAN CALLS FOR A BOY TO HELP WITH A TRICK, EDDIE JUMPS UP!

THIS IS IT! WISH ME LUCK!

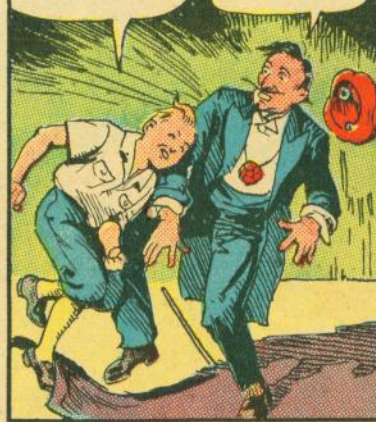
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



EDDIE DASHES ONTO THE STAGE AND...

OOPS! GEE, I'M SORRY!

YOU LITTLE FOOL! CAREFUL! YOU'LL RUIN MY ACT!



EDDIE HELPS THE MAGICIAN TO COLLECT HIMSELF.

RING DOWN THE CURTAIN! GIVE ME THAT TURBAN! USHER! GRAB HIM!!!

AH-HAH!



MURPHY AND JERRY JOIN THE GROUP.

GIVE ME MY TURBAN! GET OUT!

TAKE IT EASY, YOU WON'T CATCH COLD! OKAY, EDDIE, LET'S HEAR ABOUT IT!

SEE! EAR-PHONES! HE COMMUNICATES WITH HIS PARTNER.

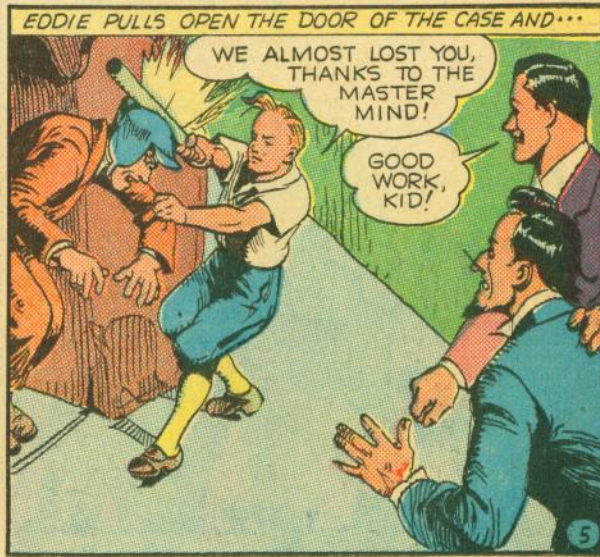
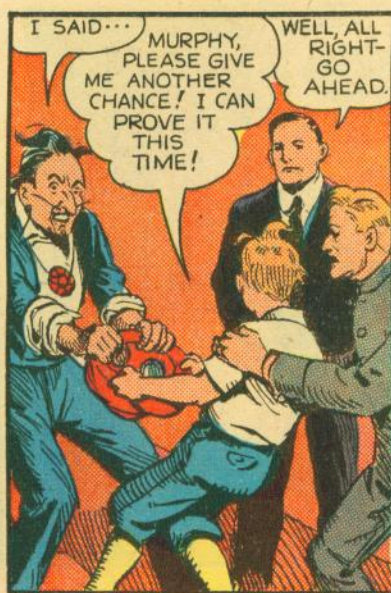


THORSTIN CALLS ONE OF HIS GIRL ASSISTANTS.

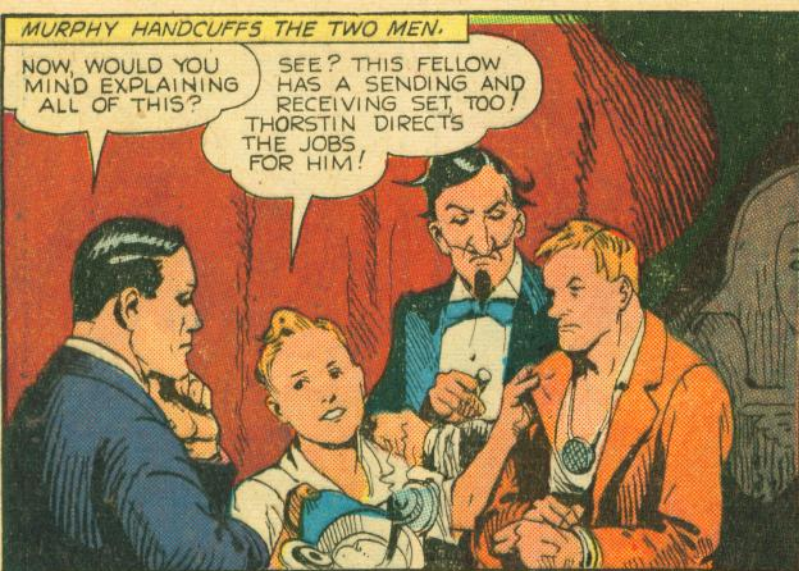
LOOKS LIKE YOU GUESSED WRONG, EDDIE! C'MON!

NATURALLY! IT'S A MIND-READING TRICK. SHOW THEM YOURS, MY DEAR-SEE?





MURPHY HANDCUFFS THE TWO MEN.



NOW, WOULD YOU MIND EXPLAINING ALL OF THIS?

SEE? THIS FELLOW HAS A SENDING AND RECEIVING SET, TOO! THORSTIN DIRECTS THE JOBS FOR HIM!



OVER THE RADIO?

SURE! IN THAT WAY, HE CAN USE THE ACT AS AN ALIBI! THIS GUY'S ONLY A STOOGEE!



IS THIS TRUE? YEAH-HE'S A PHONEY! HE SAID IT WAS THE PERFECT CRIME!

HE ISN'T THE FIRST ONE TO MAKE THAT MISTAKE!



AS THE DETECTIVE LEADS THEM AWAY...

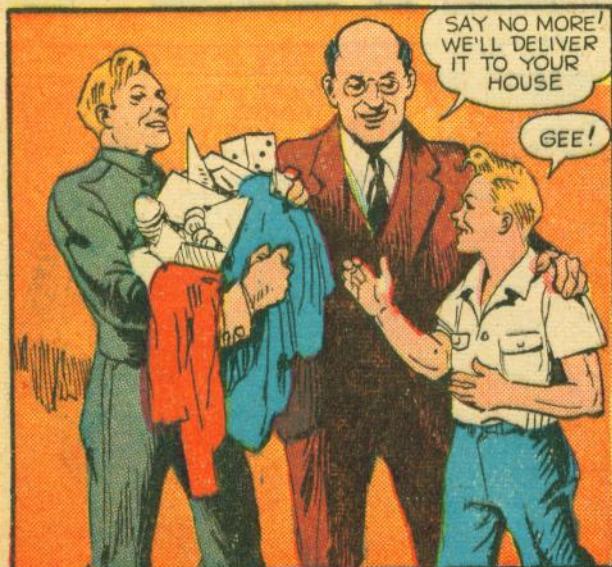
THANKS, ED! WE'LL PUT THEM WHERE THEY WON'T PULL ANY MORE ACTS.

THAT'S THE BOY, SIR!



I'M THE MANAGER OF THIS THEATER, SON! IS THERE ANY WAY IN WHICH WE CAN REPAY YOU?

WELL, I'D SORT OF LIKE TO OWN SOME REAL MAGIC EQUIPMENT!



SAY NO MORE! WE'LL DELIVER IT TO YOUR HOUSE

GEE!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

I FEEL SILLY IN THIS OUTFIT!

DO MORE, EDDIE!

THE GUY IT WAS MADE FOR LOOKS EVEN SILLIER! HE'S WEARING STRIPES!

EDDIE BELL RETURNS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **BLUE BOLT** WITH A GRAND NEW STORY AND MORE GADGETS.

MAGIC Tricks

BY IAYILL

That YOU Can Do!

HOW TO MAKE A LIVING HEAD DISAPPEAR!

NOW YOU SEE IT! ...



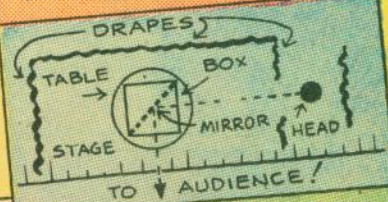
A SMILING ANIMATED HEAD IN A BOX...ON A ONE LEGGED TABLE! THEN-YOU CLOSE THE HINGED SIDES, FRONT AND AND...

...NOW YOU DON'T!



...BACK-LIFT BOX OFF TABLE WITH HEAD "INSIDE" THEN OPEN AGAIN AND IT'S GONE! SIMPLE... IF YOU KNOW HOW!

HOW IT'S DONE ...



BOX HAS MIRROR BUILT IN AS SHOWN WHICH REFLECTS HEAD... (REALLY OFF STAGE!) WHEN BOX IS CLOSED, PERSON SIMPLY MOVES AWAY!

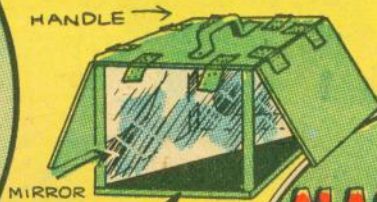
MYSTERIOUS BALANCE TRICK!



... ALL ON TOOTH PICK ON EDGE OF GLASS!

SPOON WEDGED IN PRONGS OF FORK... TOOTH PICK STUCK THROUGH PRONGS. CENTER OF GRAVITY IS ACTUALLY AT EDGE OF GLASS!

THE BOX ITSELF IS AN ORDINARY SOAP BOX TAKEN APART AND REASSEMBLED WITH HINGES ON TOP FOR EACH SIDE PIECE... AND REINFORCED WITH UPRIGHTS IN EACH CORNER. A MIRROR, CUT TO FIT, IS INSERTED DIAGONALLY AS SHOWN.



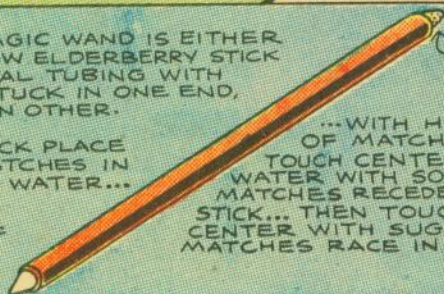
FRONT FLAP LEFT OFF HERE TO SHOW INSIDES

YOUR MAGIC WAND!

YOUR MAGIC WAND IS EITHER A HOLLOW ELDERBERRY STICK OR METAL TUBING WITH SOAP STUCK IN ONE END, SUGAR IN OTHER.

FOR TRICK PLACE TEN MATCHES IN PAN OF WATER...

PIECE OF SOAP



...WITH HEADS OF MATCHES IN TOUCH CENTER OF WATER WITH SOAP END, MATCHES RECEDE. WAVE STICK... THEN TOUCH CENTER WITH SUGAR MATCHES RACE IN!



OLD CAP HAWKINS' TRUE TALES

GUARDING THE SEA THAT BORDERS OUR VERY SHORES, BATTLING THE UNDERSEA MENACE WHICH THREATENS OUR WAR EFFORT, THE U.S. COAST GUARD LIVES UP TO ITS YEARS OF HEROIC PEACE-TIME TRADITIONS, JOEY



"THE BEACH PATROL IS AIDED BY ALERT, FIERCE AND PERFECTLY TRAINED DOGS"

Ray Gamble



"FROM AIR STATIONS ALONG THE COAST LINE, COAST GUARD PLANES ARE ON CONSTANT WATCH FOR ENEMY SUBS"

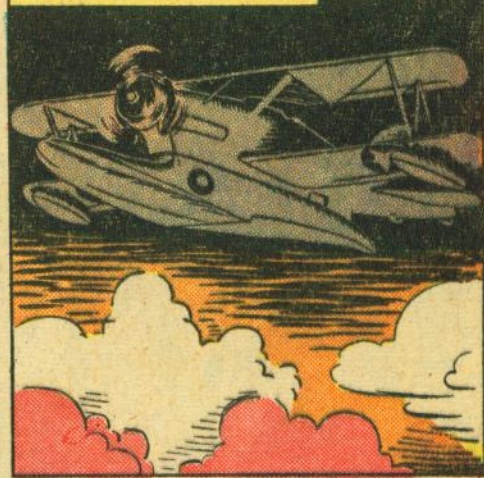
"NOW, THE COAST GUARD HAS STARTED A NEW MOUNTED DIVISION TO PATROL LONELY STRETCHES OF OUR SHORE."

"AT SEA, THE HARDY COAST GUARD CUTTERS STAND UP UNDER WEATHER WHICH BUCKLES THE PLATES OF FAR LARGER SHIPS."

"I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A STORY, JOEY, OF THE REAL JOB THESE MEN ARE DOING. A HUGE, SLOW-MOVING CONVOY LEAVES PORT AND HUGS THE COASTLINE - ATTEMPTING TO GET BY THE LURKING ENEMY SUBS, UNDETECTED."



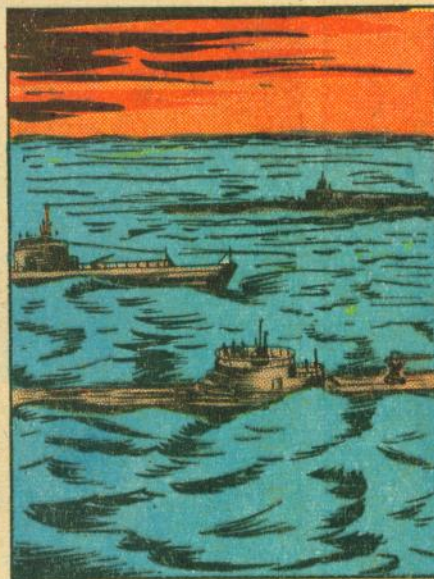
"AND, FAR AHEAD OF THE CONVOY, A COAST GUARD PLANE COVERS THE ROUTE, SCANNING THE SEA'S TRACKLESS WASTES."



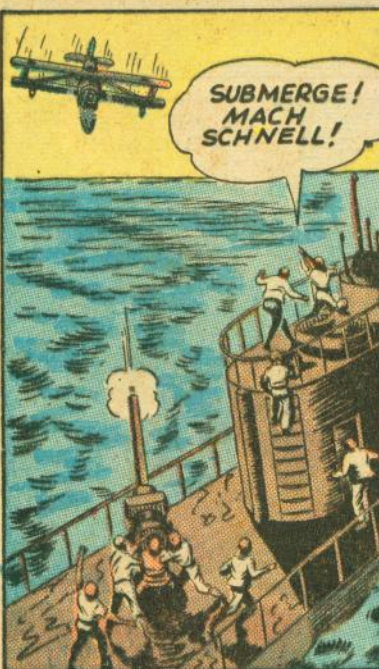
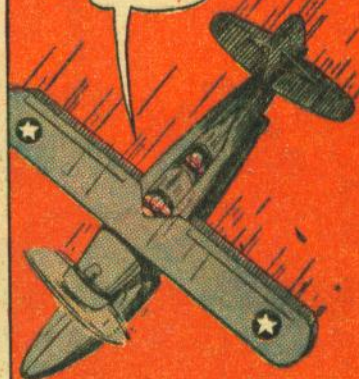
"SUDDENLY, THE PILOT'S KEEN EYES OBSERVE A BREAK IN THE BROAD EXPANSE OF WATER."



LOOK!
DOWN
THERE TO
THE
LEFT!



IT'S PART OF A SUB
PACK! THEY'LL PICK
UP THE CONVOY IF
WE DON'T STOP
THEM!



SUBMERGE!
MACH
SCHNELL!

"A DIRECT HIT IS SCORED!"



SCRATCH
ONE
SUB!

WE FINISHED ONE BUT THE REST OF THEM GOT UNDER. I'LL WARN THE CONVOY AND NOTIFY HEADQUARTERS.



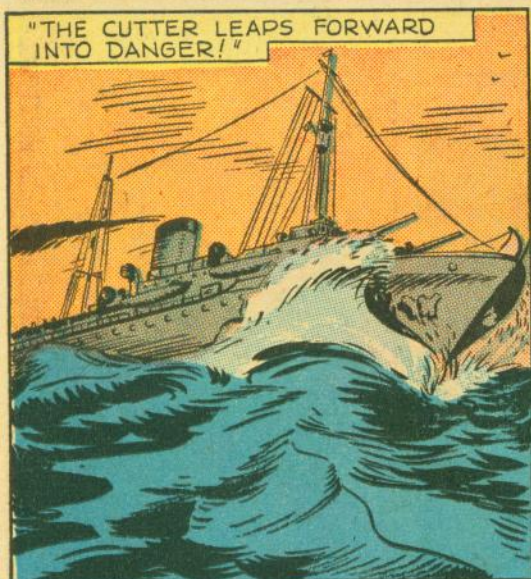
CALLING CUTTER 65! CALLING CUTTER 65! SUB PACK AHEAD! STAND BY FOR POSITION!

"FARTHER BACK, A TRIM COAST GUARD CUTTER SHEPHERDS THE CONVOY. SUDDENLY- THE MESSAGE IS RECEIVED."

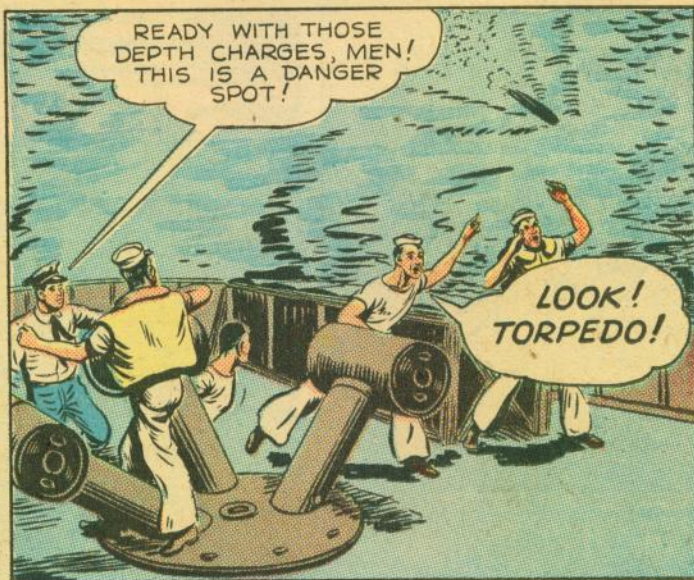


FULL SPEED AHEAD!

"THE CUTTER LEAPS FORWARD INTO DANGER!"

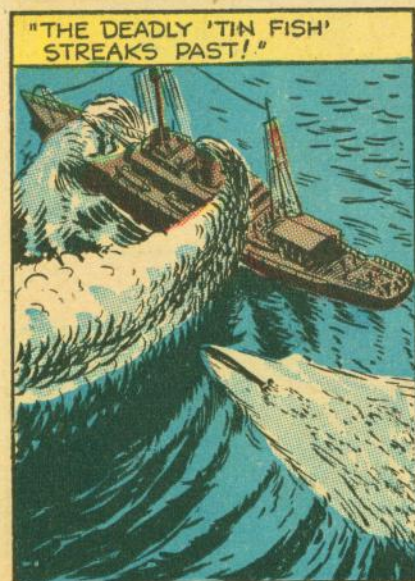


READY WITH THOSE DEPTH CHARGES, MEN! THIS IS A DANGER SPOT!



LOOK! TORPEDO!

"THE DEADLY 'TIN FISH' STREAKS PAST!"



LET 'EM HAVE IT!



CAN THOSE SARDINES, MEN!

WE GOT ONE! SHE'S COMIN' TO THE SURFACE!

YEOW! HOT DOG!



BOOM

"THE UNDERSEA RAIDER SURFACES AND A SAVAGE GUN DUEL ENSUES!"

SHE'S OUT OF RANGE, SIR. AND SHE'S GOT HEAVIER GUNS THAN WE HAVE!

HOLD OFF BUT STAND BY TO FIRE! WE'LL TRY TO GET CLOSER.

"THE SUB'S HEAVY GUNS SCORE ON THE VALIANT LITTLE CUTTER AS SHE DASHES IN!"

"THE CUTTER SOON FINDS THE RANGE AND LET'S GO WITH EVERYTHING!"

SHOOT THE WORKS, MEN!

BOOM!
BOOM

"THE SUB MEETS A FITTING END!"

BOOOOMM!

WE GOT 'EM! AND HERE COMES OUR RELIEF. THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF ANY OTHERS. THE CONVOY'S SAFE NOW!

"AID ARRIVES IN THE FORM OF TWO MORE CUTTERS AND ONCE AGAIN ANOTHER VICTORY IS CHALKED UP FOR THE EVER VIGILANT, EVER FAITHFUL UNITED STATES COAST GUARD."

DESERT DEATH TRAP

EXCEPT FOR the soft purring of motors and the crunching of sand under the weight of the six tank trucks that were speeding across the Libyan desert, no sound penetrated the sticky hot air.

Stanley Gromski, driving the lead truck, felt the foreboding, unnatural silence. Something was wrong! The Nazis and their Fascist partners in global crimes, had been waging a hard fight to drive out the American Infantry that had captured the Oasis stronghold and driven a wedge into the Axis' flank. Why had their guns become suddenly silent?

The sudden swish of a large projectile and the loud explosion seconds later, told Gromski the answer! The enemy had brought up artillery and set a trap for the tanks that must attempt a break through. The gasoline which his caravan was carrying to the Oasis was to supply the General Grant tanks that would start rolling across the desert in another hour.

Gromski maneuvered the truck in a wide arc. That first shot had been close and the Nazis were only trying to get the range. He glanced into the side view mirror and saw the other trucks follow his lead.

A hail of projectiles began to churn up the desert sands—and through the mirror, Gromski saw the streaking shell that thudded into the last truck. A mass of flames and a deafening roar splattered the truck into a thousand pieces.

GROMSKI'S HANDS tightened on the steering wheel. Shorty O'Brien had been driving that truck, and now Shorty was gone. Shorty had been a swell guy. This was another debt that the Nazis must pay!

Pushing the accelerator hard against the floor, Gromski headed for the Oasis which he knew lay hidden behind the dunes up ahead. Suddenly he could see the outline of the trees that circled the water hole; and, even from such a distance, the broken and uprooted trees battered by the enemy artillery, told a frightening story.

As he neared the outer ridge of trees, he slowed up, but only for a few seconds. The lifeless forms of khaki clad figures told its own story . . . and if his reasoning was correct, the enemy's guns would soon be raking the place again to knock out the tank trucks.

A group of high dunes rose to the left and Gromski made for them. He applied the brakes as he reached the side of a large dune. He sat bewildered until the other four trucks halted alongside of him.

There was no doubt in his mind as to what would happen to the General Grants when they reached the Oasis. They'd be running into a death trap. And how could he warn them?

If the tank trucks tried to venture back over the desert, the alert enemy artillery would pick them off.

Gromski and the other drivers scrambled out of their cabs and huddled together.

"Did you see what those rats did to our boys at the Oasis?" Hansen, driver of the number three truck, asked.

The men shook their heads. They had all seen the gruesome sight.

"Unless they send out planes, those skunks won't be able to

see us behind these dunes," Gromski said.

"BUT what about the General Grants?" Hansen wanted to know.

No one answered him. They were all thinking about the same thing.

Like thunder, the noise of cannon began to roll. Well aimed projectiles began exploding in and near the Oasis.

Davis, who drove the number five truck, whistled, then looked at Gromski. "Holy mackerel, Ski!" he said, "it's a good thing that you didn't stop us back there, or we'd all be chop suey now!"

Goldstein looked back at his number four. "Maybe I can make it back to our supply lines and have Captain Hawks warn the Grants," he said, talking more to himself than to his companions.

"That would be suicide," Gromski snapped, "forget about it, Yussel."

Yussel Goldstein's lips quivered, then he spun on his heels and dashed toward his truck.

"Come back here," Gromski yelled.

But Goldstein jumped into the cab and with a few quick movements had the engine started and was turning the truck around.

IT was only a minute, though, before he was spotted by the artillery. The truck began to zig-zag as projectiles started to pick up its trail. Then hills of sand hid it from sight.

The men focused their eyes on the screeching projectiles. Goldstein was proving himself every inch a man. What he was doing, was out of the line of duty.

Then it happened! A loud explosion in the distance, and a sudden bright flash that cast an eerie light over the desert!

"They got Yussel," Hansen

said softly, "the plucky fool."

Thoughts had been racing through Gromski's mind as he watched Goldstein's heroic but futile attempt to get through and warn the Grants. The Nazis and Italians were keeping their eyes on the stretch between the Oasis and the American lines . . . would they be expecting an attack from their rear? And if they weren't, could one Yank with a tank truck full of gasoline destroy their devastating artillery?

"You guys stay put," he said suddenly, "if you see the sky light up over where those big guns are, you'll know the Grants will be able to get through—and, if you don't see me again, I'll tell O'Brien and Goldstein that you boys were sorry to see them go."

As Gromski started for his truck, Hansen grabbed his shoulder. "Don't be a sucker, Ski," he said, "stay here with us. At least you'll have a chance of getting out of this alive."

Gromski pushed Hansen away from him, "I'm runnin' this show," he said and swung into the seat behind the steering wheel.

THE Axis guns were directly east, so Gromski drove the truck south for three miles, then cut east.

By now, his mind was set on just what his job would be if he got behind those guns . . . and he had to hurry. The General Grants were scheduled to arrive at the Oasis a very short time from now.

The hot sticky air was menacing in its unnatural silence. The enemy was waiting patiently to lure the Yanks into the trap and to spring it without warning.

Gromski checked his mileage. He had travelled far enough to be behind the artillery, so he swung north. He went slowly and cautiously.

And he smiled to himself. He realized that he was playing the Fox's game. The sun would be behind him and in the eyes of the enemy. This advantage might mean the difference between success and failure.

He pulled up behind a sand dune and jumped from the truck. Scurrying to the top of the dune, he flopped on his stomach. Less than a quarter of a mile away he could see the big guns. And beside each gun was a pile of ammunition ready for instant use. Anti-aircraft machine guns, which from the distance seemed similar to the American's fifty calibers, were the only protection which the Axis had thrown into the battle, in a desperate effort to check the American advance.

Satisfied, Gromski hurried back to the truck. He took the tow line and lashed the flow hose to the rear of the truck in a horizontal position. Then he ripped off his coat and shirt, and turning the release valve, allowed the gas to trickle from the tank and saturate the clothes.

Hopping back into the cab again, he placed the soaked clothing on the seat beside him. Now, if he could fool the machine gunners for just a few minutes, he'd have a path cleared for the Grants.

As he sped toward the guns he could see men gazing anxiously toward him. The sun was his ally. They weren't sure whether he was friend or foe.

SUDDENLY he jammed on his brakes. This was the show down! Machine gunners began running to their nests . . . they were finally aware that he was a Yank. He rushed to the release valve, turned it on full force, and, in a few swift movements, he was behind the wheel again racing full speed toward the surprised enemy . . . gasoline gushing

from the hose.

He swung sidewise as he reached the guns. The gasoline splattered over men, guns, and ammunition.

Driving madly, he made a complete circle of the camp. Then for a second he caught his breath, as he pulled a box of matches from his pocket.

This looked like his finish, but he was going to make Hitler's tools pay dearly for his life!

He dropped the lighted match on his saturated clothing and tossed the flaming mass into a pool of gas in the sand.

The earth appeared to light up. A series of explosions dulled his hearing, he felt his body being flung from the truck . . . then he remembered no more.

SLOWLY, Gromski opened his eyes. A blurred white form met his gaze. "Must be an angel!" he exclaimed.

"What did you say, Soldier?" a feminine voice asked.

The blur faded and a nurse stood over him. The odor of medicine filled his nostrils. "The base hospital," he said, "—but I should be dead!"

He became aware of a stinging, burning ache in his body. He remembered the flaming gasoline. Badly burned was he? This could be worse than death.

"Tell me the truth, Nurse," he said, "am I burned very much?"

"And how," the nurse answered, "you should have better sense than to be out on the desert wearing a shirt. You're lucky you haven't got sun poisoning."

"What? You mean—I'm only sun burned!?"

"Sun burned and a bump on the head," the nurse answered as she turned to the patient in the next bed.

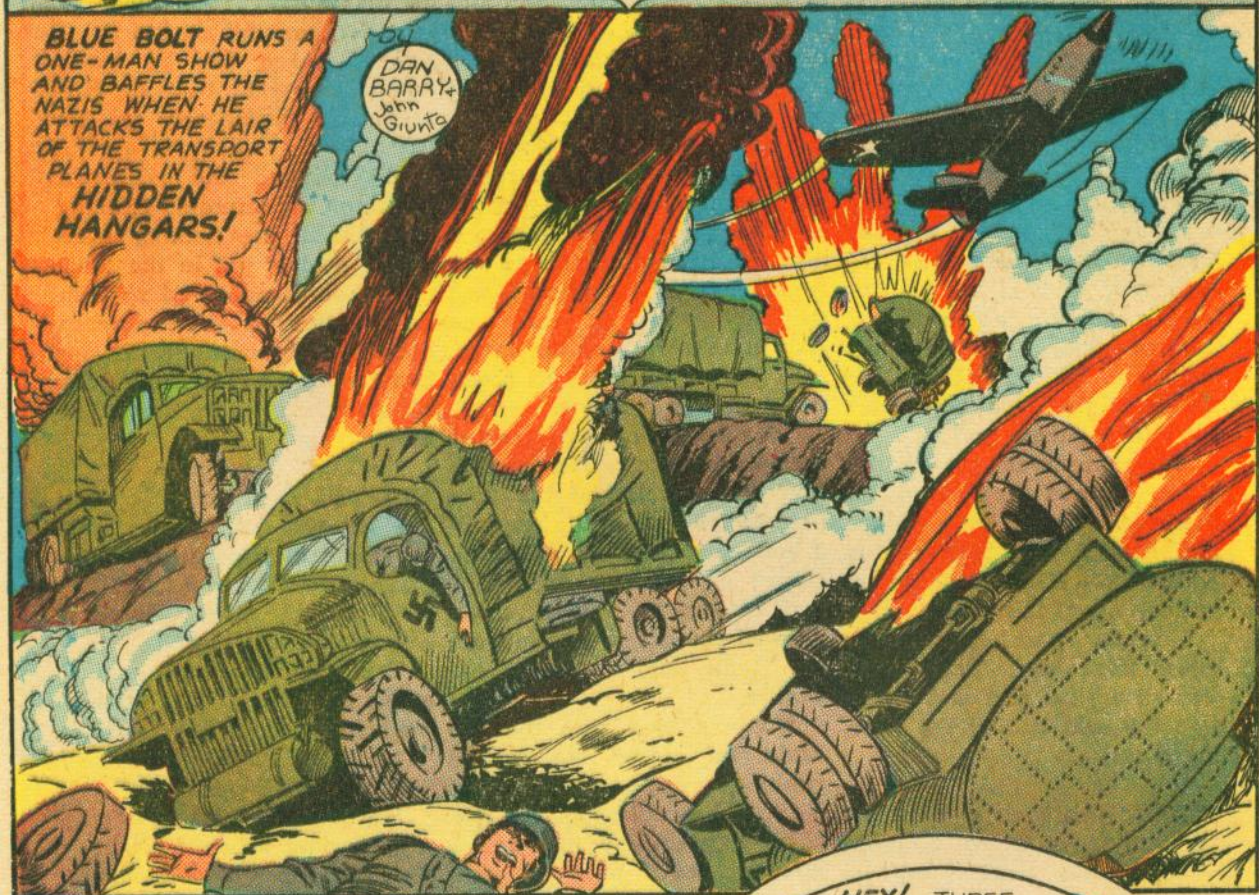
The End.

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

BLUE BOLT RUNS A ONE-MAN SHOW AND Baffles the Nazis when he attacks the lair of the transport planes in the hidden hangars!

by
DAN BARRY
John Giunta



BLUE BOLT is OUT ON A LONE SWEEP AGAINST NAZI SUPPLY LINES.

WOW! I ALMOST GOT CAUGHT IN MY OWN HANDIWORK!

HEY! THREE JUNKERS AFTER A LONE RUSSIAN FIGHTER INTERESTING ODDS!





I WONDER HOW THEY'LL DO AT ODDS OF TWO TO THREE!

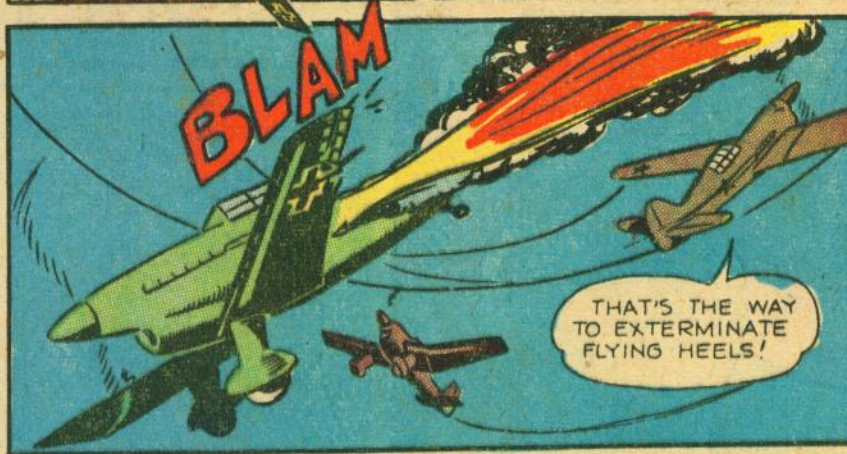


BLUE BOLT ENTERS THE ARGUMENT...



THAT'S CUTTING THEM DOWN TO OUR SIZE!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT



BLAM

THAT'S THE WAY TO EXTERMINATE FLYING HEELS!

THE THIRD JUNKER TURNS TAIL AND HEADS FOR HOME. BLUE BOLT TAKES THE LEAD AND ESCORTS THE RUSSIAN FIGHTER HOME.

FOLLOW ME I'LL TAKE YOU TO FIELD OPERATIONAL BASE, NUMBER SIX.



GOOD! THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO GO!

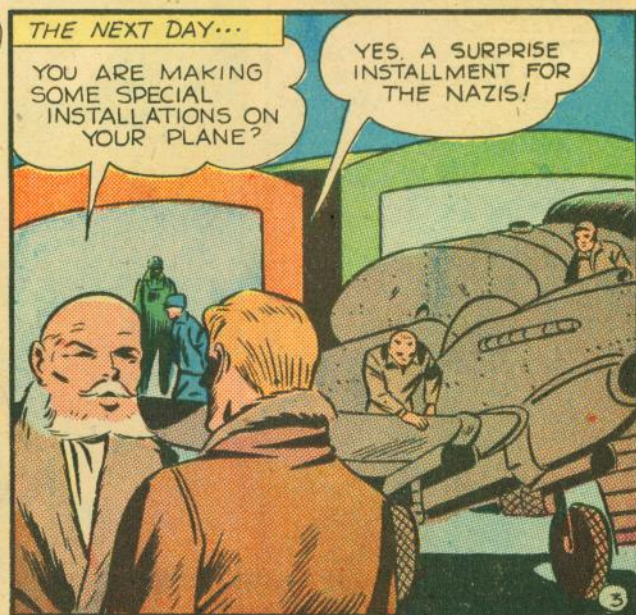
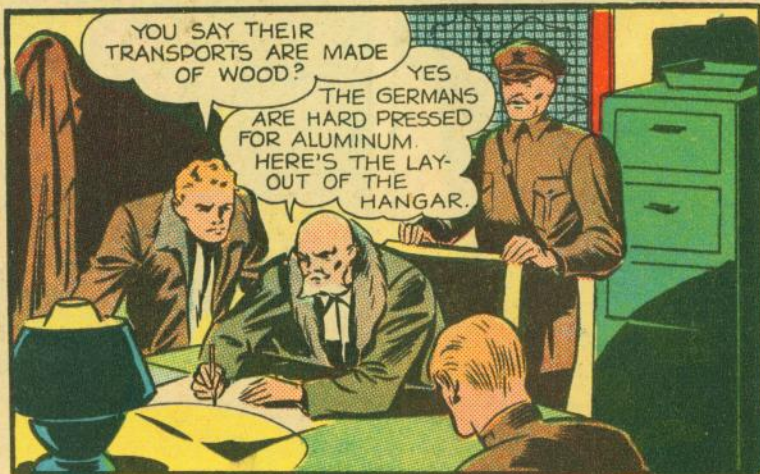
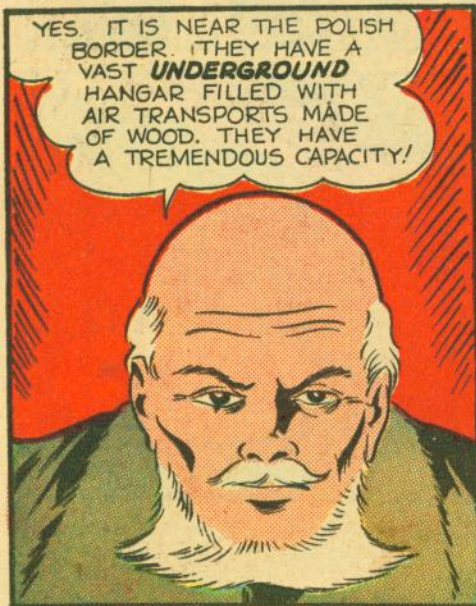


LATER, AT THE AIR BASE:

THAT PILOT MUST BE BLUE BOLT—TWO PLANES IN FORTY SECONDS! NO ONE ELSE COULD DO THAT!



WELL I'LL BE LOOPED! A CIVILIAN'S GETTING OUT OF THAT FIGHTER PLANE!



AND, LATER THAT SAME DAY...

THERE SHE IS,
BLUE BOLT—
EVEN TO THE
NAZI PAINT
JOB!

THE NAZI UNIFORM
COMPLETES THE GET-UP!
I SPEAK SOME GERMAN,
WHICH OUGHT TO HELP!



FINAL INSTRUCTIONS ARE GIVEN **BLUE BOLT**
AND HE TAKES OFF ON HIS DANGEROUS MISSION.



GOOD! THE
RUSSIAN FIGHTER
IS RIGHT BEHIND
ME!



ACH! WE ARE
FOREVER BEING
CHASED!

WE'LL SOON BE
OVER OUR MARK.
THEN WE'LL
GIVE THESE HUNS
A SHOW!

THE TWO PLANES ROAR OVER THE
NAZI LINES...



GOOD THING THOSE
SHELLS ARE
BLANK.

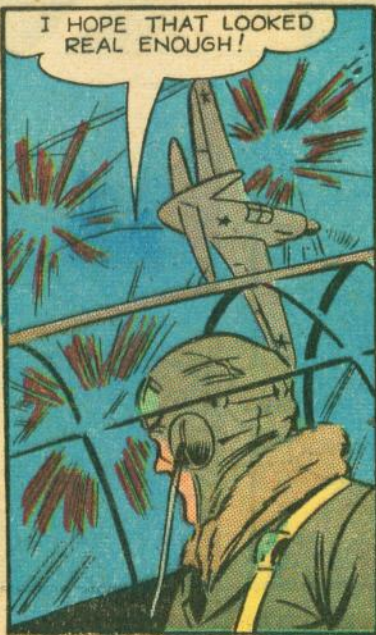
ACH TUNG!
RUSSIAN FIGHTER
ATTACKING OUR PLANE!
OPEN FIRE!



THE GERMAN GUNS BARK!

ROOM
BY
BOOM

ACH! USE DER
FOUR HUNDRED
FOOT FUSES!



I HOPE THAT LOOKED
REAL ENOUGH!



HOORAY! WE'VE
CHASED THE
MUSCOVITE AWAY!
OUR PILOT
COMES IN FOR
A LANDING
NOW...

THE PLANE ROLLS TO A HALT...

HERE COMES THE
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE!



DOT WAS A NARROW
ESCAPE, HERR LIEUTENANT.
WE WILL PUT YOUR
PLANE IN THE
HANGAR.

GOOT!
GOOT!



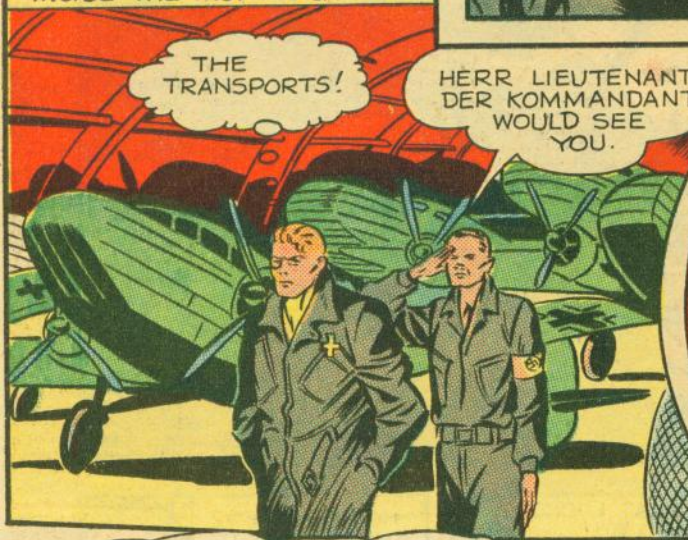
OH! THE
HIDDEN HANGAR!
THIS IS EASIER THAN
I HOPED!



INSIDE THE VAST HANGAR...

THE
TRANSPORTS!

HERR LIEUTENANT!
DER KOMMANDANT
WOULD SEE
YOU.



HEIL HITLER,
LIEUTENANT!

HEIL HITLER,
HERR
KOMMANDANT?



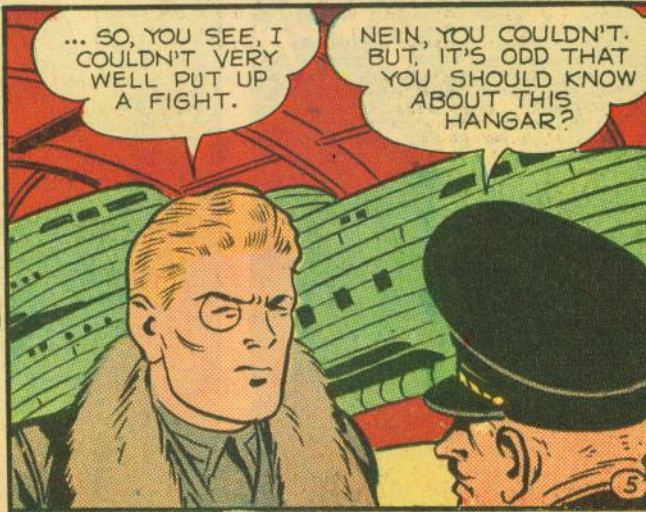
NAME? BASE? UND WHAT
ARE YOU DOING AT DER
SECRET
FIELD?

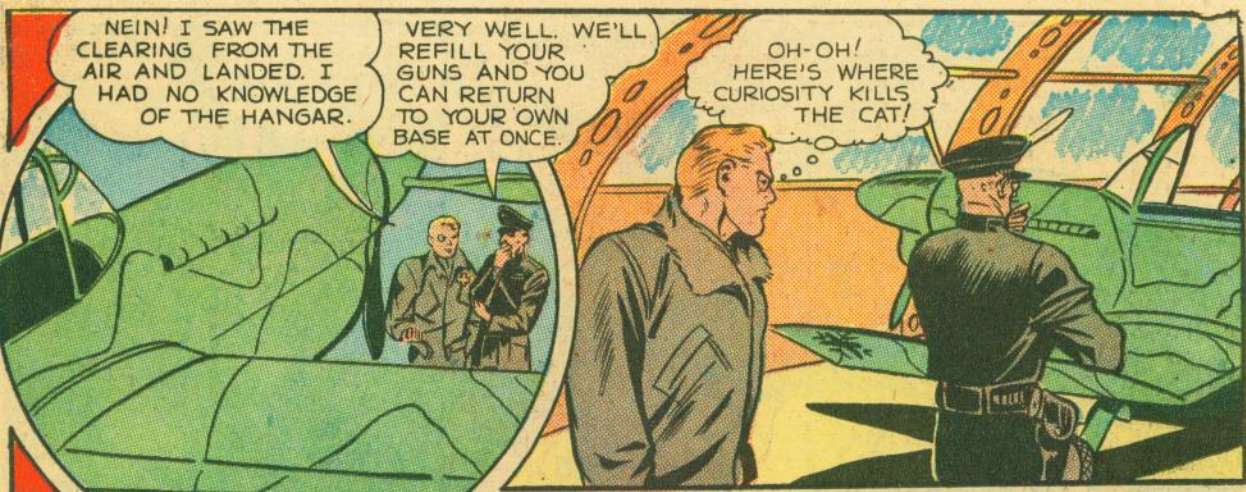
LIEUTENANT
FRITZ WEIR
FOURTH
INTERCEPTOR
KOMMAND. I
WAS OUT OF
AMMUNITION
WHEN THE
ENEMY ENGAGED
ME IN
COMBAT...



... SO, YOU SEE, I
COULDN'T VERY
WELL PUT UP
A FIGHT.

NEIN, YOU COULDN'T.
BUT, IT'S ODD THAT
YOU SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT THIS
HANGAR?







VOT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

COME CLOSER. I'LL BE MORE EXACT THIS TIME!



DOES *THIS* DRIVE THE MESSAGE HOME?

SOCK

OW!



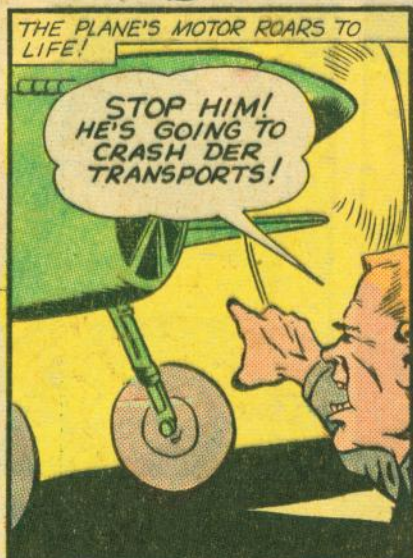
NOW, TELL *THAT* TO YOUR PALS!

YEEE!



BLUE BOLT DASHES TO HIS PLANE.

WHILE THEY TRY TO FIGURE THINGS OUT, I'LL GIVE THEM ANOTHER PROBLEM.



THE PLANE'S MOTOR ROARS TO LIFE!

STOP HIM! HE'S GOING TO CRASH DER TRANSPORTS!



INSTEAD OF THE THROTTLE, **BLUE BOLT'S** HAND CLOSES ON THE GUN-FIRING CONTROL!



A CRESCENDO OF SEARING FLAME BLAZES FROM THE GUNS...

I'M GOING TO GIVE 'EM THE "HOT-FOOT TREATMENT!"

BLUE BOLT JOCKEYS THE PLANE
ALONG THE ROW OF TRANSPORTS,
LEAVING ONLY FLAMING
HULKS BEHIND.

I'D BETTER GET
OUT OF HERE!

HAH! THEY
WON'T USE THIS
PLACE AGAIN! I'LL
BET HITLER WILL
BURN WHEN HE HEARS
ABOUT IT!

BLUE BOLT HEADS
THE PLANE FOR
THE ENTRANCE

GUESS I'LL LEAVE
"THE SUPER-RACE" TO
IT'S OWN DIFFICULTIES

BUT...

DONNER!
FIRE IS UPON
DER EXPLOSIVES!

AND...

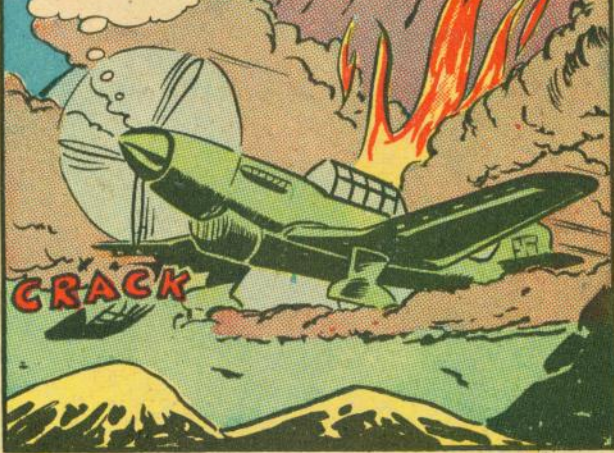
WOW!

BOOM

BLUE BOLT'S PLANE IS SENT SPINNING OUT OF THE HANGAR!



WOW! THERE GOES THE WING!

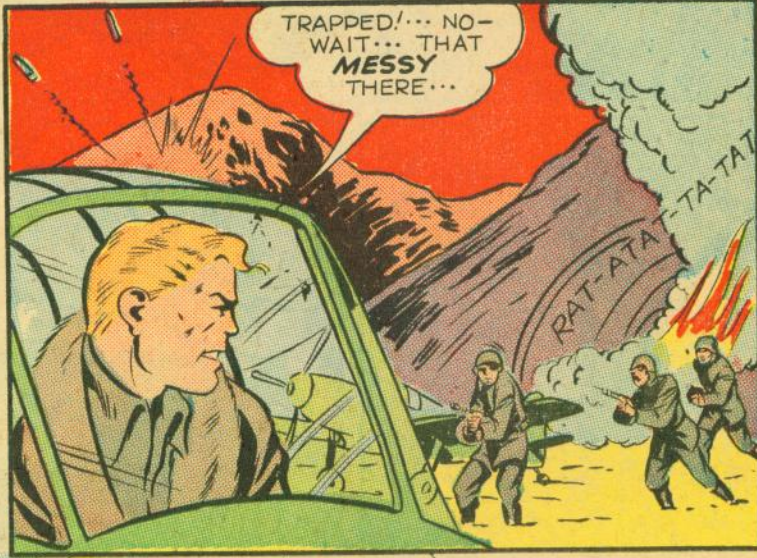


KILL HIM! HE CAN'T TAKE OFF!

MITT PLEASURE!



TRAPPED!... NO-WAIT... THAT MESSY THERE...



ONCE MORE, BLUE BOLT PRESSES THE GUN BUTTON

IF I CAN GET TO IT, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY!

DONNER! DAS FLAME! RUN!

GIVE ME ROOM, YOU HEATHENS!

THE FLAME-BELCHING PLANE TAXIS UP TO THE MESSERSCHMITT.

HERE'S HOPING THAT MESSY IS GASSSED UP!



SPRINGING FROM HIS CRIPPLED PLANE, BLUE BOLT DASHES FOR THE LONE NAZI PLANE.

I'LL BET THIS IS THE ONLY AIR-BOAT ON THIS FIELD

BLUE BOLT TAKES OFF!

INFERNAL AMERICAN PIG!

SO LONG, SUCKERS!

THEN -

THE FIRE FINALLY HIT THEIR MAIN AMMUNITION DUMP! HUH! - JUST A DUMP - JUST A DUMP!

BACK OVER HIS BASE, BLUE BOLT GETS A HOSTILE GREETING ...

OHH! I FORGOT - I CHANGED PLANES!

BOOM

BAM

NOTHING MORE I CAN DO BUT HIT THE SILK!

THE GALLANT ACE LANDS ..

DON'T SHOOT - IT'S BLUE BOLT!

HYER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ...

YOU DID IT BLUE BOLT! OUR AGENTS REPORT COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF THE HANGAR AND PLANES

AND SEVERAL HUNDRED NAZIS TO BOOT!

IT WAS REALLY QUITE SIMPLE

KRISKO ...and... JASPER

THE TWO SEA GOING COWBOYS HAVE LOST THEIR "BATTLE WAGON" THE TWO-MAN SUBMARINE WHICH THEY CALLED THE "BLUE BOLT" - THE NIPS BOMBED THEM AND NOW THEY'VE FOUND A CHEST OF PIRATE TREASURE BURIED BY OLD CAPTAIN KIDD HIMSELF - BUT WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO DO WITH IT? THEY CAN'T GET OFF THE ISLAND!!

THIS IS A PER-DIK-A-MENT WE IS MA-ROON-ED ON THIS ISLAND WITH A PIRATE'S TREASURE, WHICH WE CAN'T SPEND ON ACCOUNT OF BECAUSE THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' TO BUY!

3000 MILES FROM THE GOOD OLD U.S.A. AND NOT A BOAT IN SIGHT!

JACK A. WARREN

HERE WE IS - TWO RICH HOMBRES AND IT AIN'T DOIN US NO GOOD!

GREAT GOBS OF GRIEF

AND OUR LITTLE OLD "BLUE BOLT" BATTLE WAGON LAYIN' OUT THERE SOMEWHERE ON TH' BOTTOM OF TH' OCEAN. BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS -

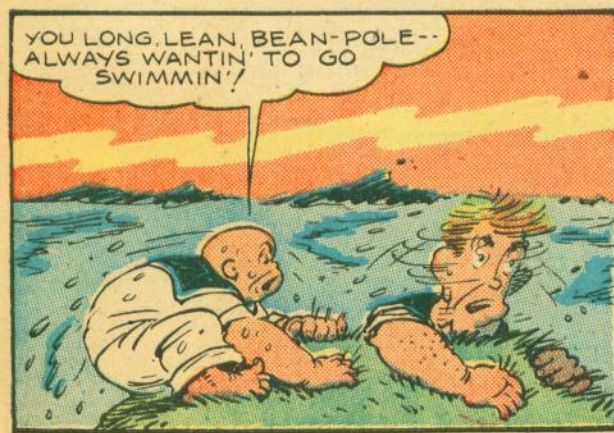
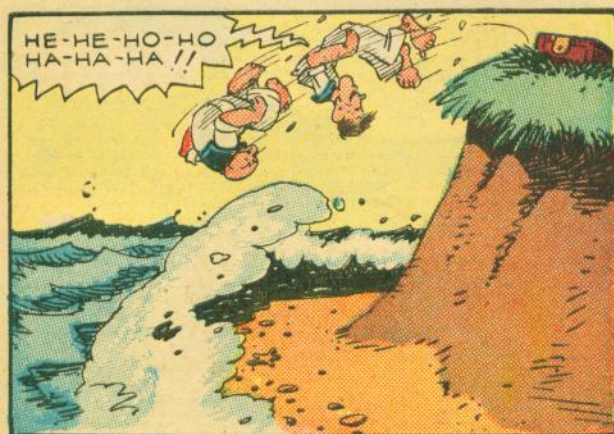
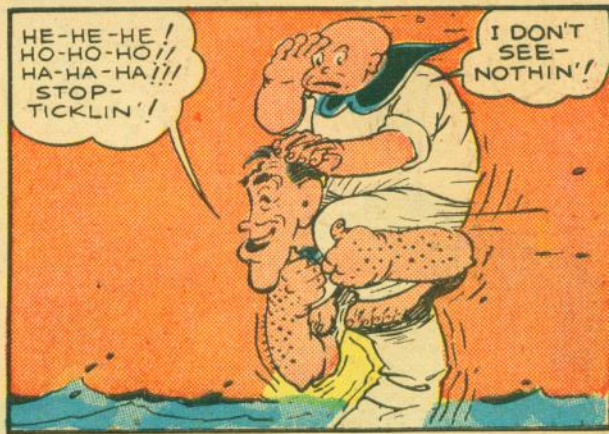
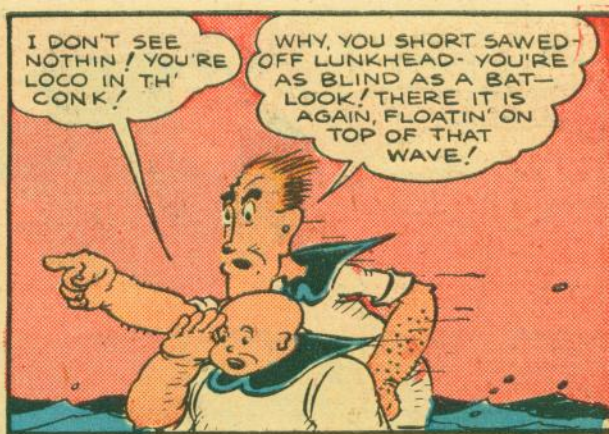
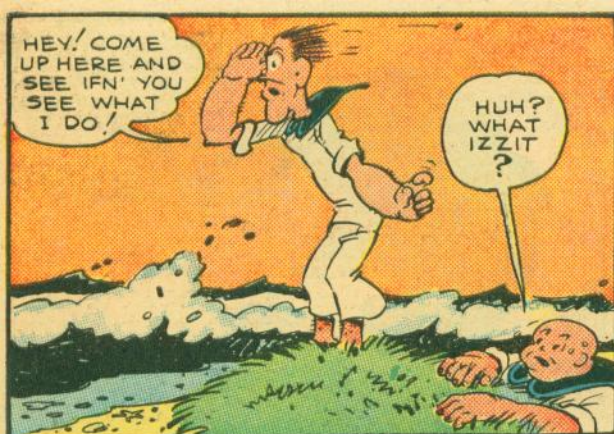
SAY, THAT REMINDS ME!

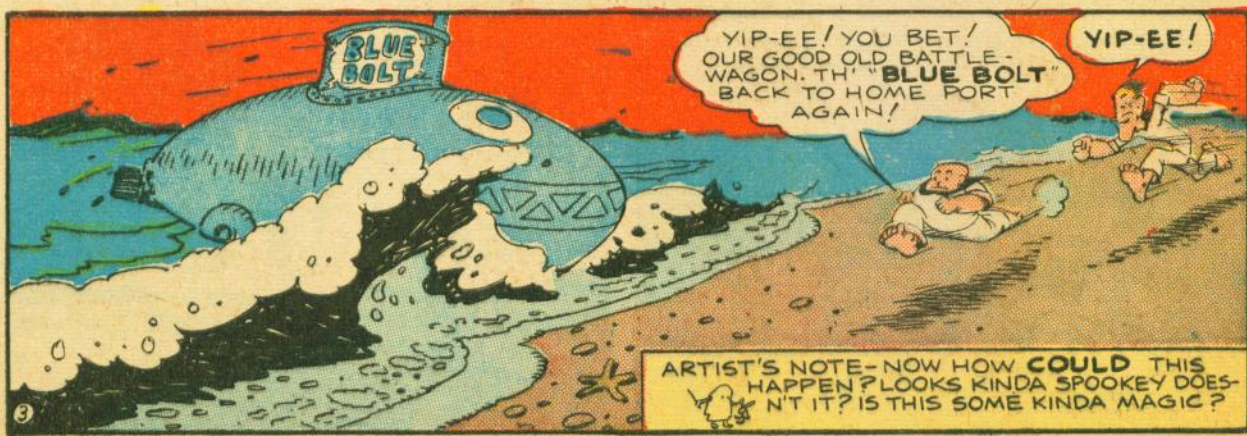
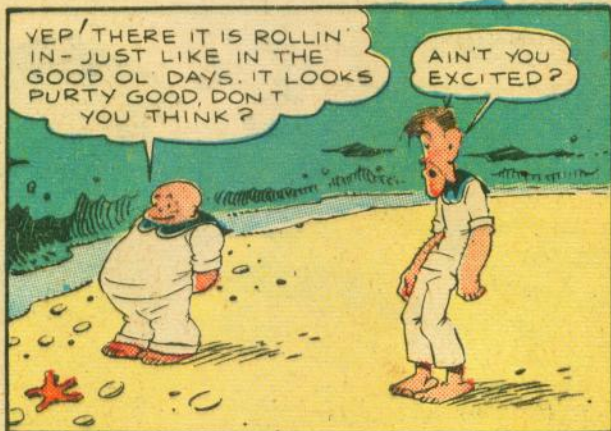
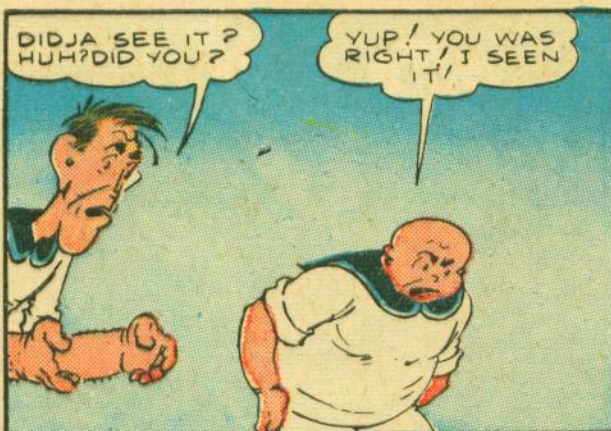
WHAT BECOME OF OUR LITTLE PARD, LUTE? I AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE TH' BATTLE STARTED - DO YOU SUPPOSE HE WENT DOWN WITH TH' "BLUE BOLT"?

MI-GOSH I NEVER THOUGHT OF HIM!

HE WAS A NICE LITTLE FELLER. I GOT KINDA USED TO HIM! WHAT WAS HE ANYWAY? WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK! I'LL BET HE WAS ONE OF THEM LITTLE 'GREMLIN' FELLERS!





ARTIST'S NOTE - NOW HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN? LOOKS KINDA SPOOEY DOESN'T IT? IS THIS SOME KINDA MAGIC?

YEP THAS IT-BUT HOW CAN IT BE? IT SUNK, DIDN'T IT? HOW'D IT GET HERE THEN?

'S FATE I GUESS!

BLUE BOLT

WHATTA YOU MEAN FATE? IT WAS SEAMANSHIP! ME AND ME BRUDDAHS SALVAGED TH' OLD TUB AND SAILED 'ER!

BLUE BOLT

YOU TWO LANDLUBBERS DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' 'BOUT SAILIN' PIG-BOATS!

BLUE BOLT

ME AND ME BRUDDAH GOT 'ER BACK ON AN EVEN KEEL, SWABBED 'ER DOWN AND THAR SHE BLOWS—

ARE WE LOCO? OR BE WE DREAMING? OR IS IT WHAT IT IS?

HEY! BRUDDAH, COME HERE!!

SPEAK UP, BRUDDAH—YOU TELL 'EM HOW WE SALVAGED THE OLD TUB!

NO, WE DON'T SEE NO BRUDDAH! AND ANOTHER THING, YOU TELL US WHO YOU ARE AND WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

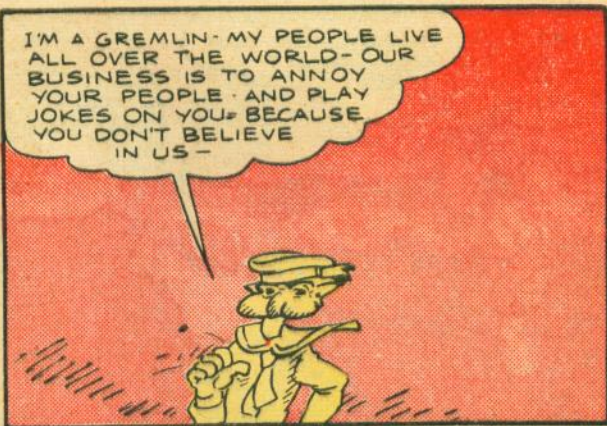
SIT DOWN, MATEYS, AND I'LL
SPIN YOU A YARN... TH'
STORY OF MY LIFE!



BUT WE'RE PIKERS WHEN IT
COMES TO MAKING TROUBLE!
YOU'VE BEEN MAKING TROUBLE
ENOUGH TO CAUSE A WORLD
WAR, WHICH WILL GO ON
UNTIL YOU LEARN TO
BELIEVE IN ONE
ANOTHER!



I'M A GREMLIN. MY PEOPLE LIVE
ALL OVER THE WORLD. OUR
BUSINESS IS TO ANNOY
YOUR PEOPLE AND PLAY
JOKES ON YOU BECAUSE
YOU DON'T BELIEVE
IN US -



YOU'VE GOT TO START LIVING
RIGHT, THINKING RIGHT AND
TO DEALING SQUARE WITH
ONE ANOTHER!



THEN WE WILL WORK WITH
YOU TO MAKE THIS OLD
WORLD A BETTER PLACE
TO LIVE IN FOR GROWNUPS,
KIDS AND GREMLINS!



THINK OF IT - WE'LL BUILD
CANDY CITIES, RIVERS OF
SODA POP, AND
ICE CREAM IGLOOS
AND RAISE LOLLY-
POP TREES FOR
THE KIDS!



NOW ME AND ME BRUDDAH
MUST LEAVE YOU. WE'VE
GOT IMPORTANT WORK
TO DO - BUT BEFORE
WE GO - LET ME GIVE
YOU SOME ADVICE!



BURY THAT TREASURE CHEST
AND FORGET IT, - IT'S BLOOD
MONEY! RICHES YOU DON'T
EARN CAN DO NO GOOD - SO
SAY GOODBYE. WE WILL MEET
AGAIN - YOU'LL BELIEVE IN US
THEN! COME ON, BRUDDAH!





HEY-HE'S GONE--
GULP!

HE WAS STANDIN'
RIGHT THERE JUST
A SECOND AGO!



WE AIN'T DREAMIN'
'CAUSE THERE'S OUR
"BLUE BOLT" BATTLE-
WAGON, GOOD AS
EVER!

YEH...AND BACK
THERE IS CAPN'
KIDD'S TREASURE
WHICH HE SAID
FOR US TO BURY
AGAIN--



GOSH! I HATE TO BURY THIS TREASURE
AGAIN-- THINK OF TH' FUN WE COULD
HAVE SPENDIN' IT!

I DON'T NOTICE
YOU DOIN' ANY
WORK IN THE
BURIAL OF
SAID TREASURE!



WE'LL COVER IT UP SO NO ONE
WILL EVER FIND IT AGAIN! AND
WE WON'T MAKE A MAP WHERE
WE BURIED IT EITHER!

WHATTA YOU MEAN WE?
YOU'RE TH' LAZIEST NO-
COUNT, NO-GOOD LOAFER
I EVER KNEWED! WE-
PHOOEY!



WELL, THAT'S THAT- I'M ALL IN FROM
MY EX-ZIRK-SHUN ---- WE'LL REPORT
TO GENERAL MAC ARTHUR NOW THAT
WE'RE READY FOR ACTION AGAIN!



KRISKO AND JASPER REPORTIN' FOR
DUTY- WE'VE SALVAGED OUR
"BLUE BOLT" BATTLE- WAGON
AND ARE READY TO SLAP
MORE JAPS! OKEY-DOKE!
WE'LL PULL OUT PRONTO!



SAILING-SAILING OVER TH'
BOUNDIN' MAIN! WE'LL
HUNT NIPS UNTIL PEACE
RETURNS AGAIN!

♪ ♪ ♪



WELL, BRUDDAH- THAT IS
WHAT I CALL A CON-
STRUCTIVE JOKE- LE'S
BE ON OUR WAY! MAYBE
SOMEDAY, THESE OVER-
GROWN EGOTISTICAL
HUMANS WILL REALIZE
WE GREMLINS REALLY
EXIST!

HOW ABOUT PLAYING A CONSTRUCTIVE
JOKE OF YOUR OWN- ON THE AXIS

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS EVERY
CHANCE YOU GET UNTIL THE AXIS
TRIPS AND FALLS TO DEFEAT!

FEARLESS FELLERS



BETTY, SINCE YOU'VE NEVER BROUGHT ANY OF YOUR YOUNG FRIENDS HOME, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

OH-OH! WHAT?



AS THE READER ALREADY KNOWS, **BUTCH**—ONE OF THE FOUR **FEARLESS FELLERS**, IS REALLY A GIRL WHO MASQUERADES AS A BOY IN ORDER TO BELONG TO THE BOYS' CLUB. HOWEVER, SHE HAS NEVER EXPLAINED THIS TO HER AUNT, WITH WHOM SHE LIVES.



I BOUGHT YOU A PRETTY, NEW DRESS TO WEAR AT YOUR BIRTHDAY PARTY THIS AFTER-NOON. I WANT TO MEET ALL...

GEE, AUNT MARTHA—I DON'T WANT A PARTY!



I THINK YOU'RE ASHAMED OF ME... OF YOUR HOME! (sob)

THAT'S NOT IT, AUNT MARTHA.—OH, WELL... I'D REALLY **LIKE** A PARTY.



BUTCH DECIDES TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT!

GEE! THE GANG WON'T WANT ME AROUND ANY MORE!

BUTCH! WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU. HURRY UP!

BUTCH TRIES TO EXPLAIN BUT...

FELLOWS, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOTTA TELL YOU.

HEY!

SAVE IT! WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU TO PLAY FOLLOW-
THE LEADER.

AND, AS THE GAME PROGRESSES...

JUST LISTEN A MINUTE—I GOTTA TELL YOU ABOUT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

PARTY? YOURS, BUTCH?

OH, GOSH! HERE IT COMES!

WELL, IS IT YOUR BIRTHDAY?

WELL, YES... I MEAN, NO... YOU SEE...

BUTCH SUDDENLY GETS AN IDEA!

YES, IT'S MY BIRTHDAY—
BUT THE PARTY IS REALLY
FOR MY **TWIN SISTER!**
YOU SEE, SHE'S BEEN AWAY
AT BOARDING
SCHOOL, AND...

A TWIN
SISTER!

YEP!

HEAD'S
UP!

LATER, AT THE CLUB HOUSE...

DOES SHE LOOK ANYTHING LIKE YOU, BUTCH?

OH, YES! QUITE A BIT, BUT YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF THIS AFTERNOON. S'LONG!

OH!

THAT AFTERNOON...



THIS MUST BE BUTCH'S HOUSE.

YEAH! THERE'S THE PARTY STUFF. SEE ALL THE CAKE!

TCH! NO WATER-MELON!

A SHORT TIME LATER...



SEEN BUTCH, CHUCK?

NO. I... HEY!

HELLO, BOYS! I'M BETTY- BUTCH'S SISTER. HE'S TOLD ME A LOT ABOUT YOU!

BUTCH- OR BETTY, AS YOU PREFER- PUTS THE FARCE OVER WITH A BANG!



HOW DO YOU DO, BETTY!

GOSH! SHE DOES LOOK LIKE HIM, DOESN'T SHE!



HAVE YOU SEEN BUTCH? WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM.

OH, THAT BOY! HE HATES BEING TWINS!

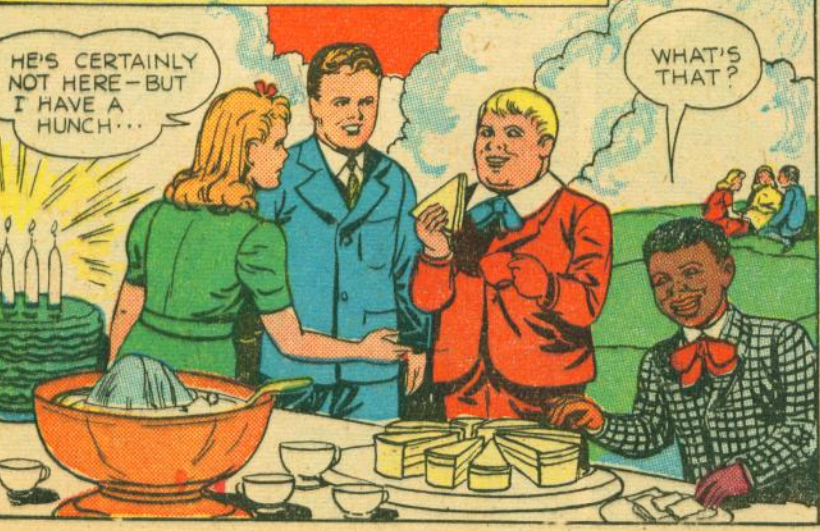
AND I'M NOT KIDDING!



HE... AH... MUST HAVE DUCKED!

HA, HA! JUST LIKE OLD BUTCH! LET'S LOOK FOR HIM!

THEY SCOUT THE GROUNDS FOR BUTCH IN VAIN.



HE'S CERTAINLY NOT HERE - BUT I HAVE A HUNCH...

WHAT'S THAT?



I'LL... I'LL BET HE'S DOWN AT YOUR CLUB HOUSE RIGHT NOW!

WHAT A DIRTY TRICK! HE TOLD US TO COME AND THEN HE

EXCUSE ME! AUNT MARTHA NEEDS SOME HELP SO LONG!

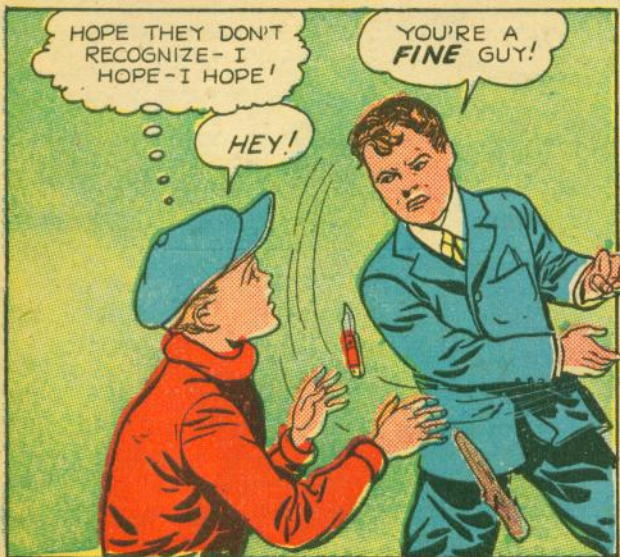
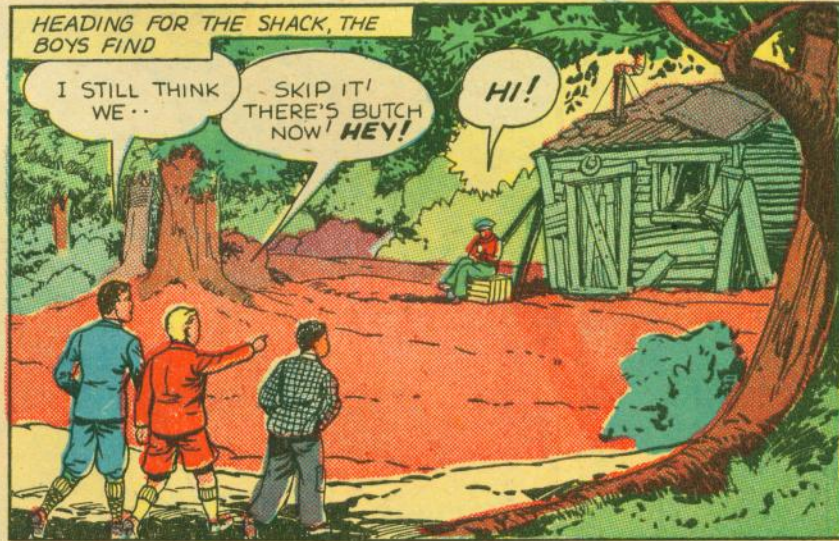
A SHORT TIME LATER-

PHEW! LET'S BEAT IT - HUH, CHUCK?

WE MIGHT AS WELL - YOU TWO HAVE EATEN EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!

BUT, GEE - I HATE TO RUN OUT ON BETTY LIKE THIS!

SHE RAN OUT ON US, DIDN'T SHE?



STAMP COLLECTING

By Eugene L. Pollock

THEY DEFIED THE DICTATOR

It was a fine spring day one morning in the year 1797 when Napoleon's messenger arrived at the Palace of the Regents in the tiny republic of San Marino. The great conqueror, who was eventually to be defeated by England after he had beaten nearly all of Europe, sent word to the people of San Marino of "his peaceful intentions and everlasting friendship." Napoleon had also sent the same kind of message to other countries before his armies marched in to "protect" them, so the peaceful citizens of San Marino forgot the bright skies of the spring day and worried about their future.

There was no army to defend them against Napoleon's mighty forces and the people were afraid that they would have to give in without a struggle. Their leaders believed that the dictator would make San Marino the center of one of the many republics with which he filled Italy. Out of them Napoleon carved kingdoms and principalities that he gave to his relatives and to generals who had won victories for him.

At that moment not a single person in San Marino would have bet a solitary centesimi against all the gold in Europe that his tiny country had very long to exist as a free land. But Antonio Onofri, a leading citizen of the little nation, who, like his countrymen, felt that all was lost, had an idea that could be of no harm and might yet save San Marino. He went to his home and wrote for three days and nights, only stopping to drink a little wine to keep up his strength. Onofri tore up letter after letter, each time writing anew. Finally, he felt that he had written the right one. He rewrote it in the correct fashion and addressed it to Napoleon.

It said in part: "Your army and its young and brave leader, who is not only a hero but one of the wisest of all men, follow in the steps of Hannibal (he was the great general of the Carthage army which had invaded Italy many centuries ago) and bring back the wonders of the ancient days; your eyes are now looking at a spot of ground where all that is left of liberty has come to be safe . . ." " . . . but, as of old, San Marino only asks to be left alone."

Napoleon had never received such a brave message before and the great soldier read and reread it. After days of thought, he decided to leave San Marino to itself. It was of no importance to him for waging war, so he respected the plea to be left alone.



San Marino's
Palace of
the Regents



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